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BEHIND THE SCENES WITH MILTON BERLE

SEX EDUCATION FOR PARENTS

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Right this minute

more people are drinking Nescafé

than all other Instant Coffees.

For Pure Coffee Enjoyment!

"Why, the flavor's amazing!" people often say when they taste Nescafé.*
We accept the compliment . . . but not the word "amazing".
That roaster-fresh flavor and goodness result from the way Nescafé is made.
First the choicest coffees are roasted and brewed. Then, carbohydrates are added solely to protect the flavor. Finally, this freshly brewed coffee is dried, powdered—for your quick, easy use!
You just measure one teaspoonful right into the cup, add boiling water and stir . . . for pure coffee enjoyment.

Nescafé

makes coffee right
. . . this minute!

*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of *pure* soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

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How we retired with $250 a month

HERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with a check for $250 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that $250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going to a show. While she dressed, I leafed through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of $250 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm in looking into it*, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired*. We sold the house and drove west. We're living a new kind of life out here—with $250 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $250 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

1851 1951

100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

PLAN FOR MEN | PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
847 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name_____

Date of Birth_____

Business Address_____

Home Address_____

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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

To save baby's neck, should you—

☐ *Buy a fur-lined bib* ☐ *Pad the bathtub*
☐ *Sandpaper his shoes*

Make tiny tykes' shoes skidproof! Sandpaper the soles. And keep soft, moisture-lovin' Kleenex handy around baby. Super to use for bibs; applying baby oil, powder. Saves his delicate skin, saves laundering chores.

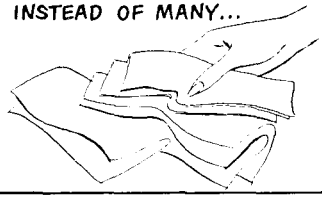
Can you cut down surplus weight with—

☐ *A new girdle* ☐ *Gooey desserts*
☐ *A deck of cards*

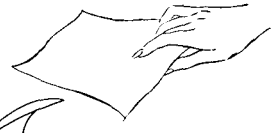
Want less "waist"? Toss up a deck of cards; pick up one at a time. These 52 bends help save your figure. To stop *waste*, save money—use Kleenex. Only Kleenex serves you *one at a time* (not a handful!)—and the next pops up.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

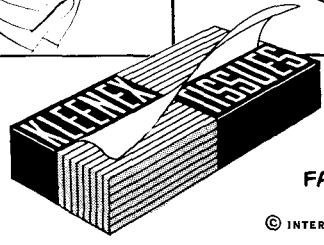
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Reflections of Spring . . . . . J. FREDERICK SMITH

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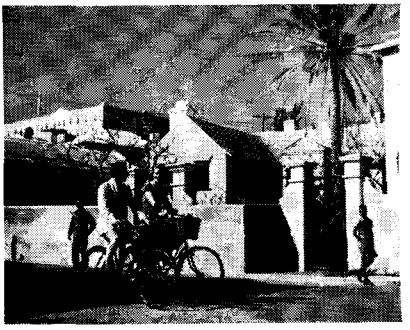
GOING AWAY IN April?

North Carolina: A blaze of color takes over when the annual Azalea Festival claims the Asheville spotlight in April. Then, too, the dogwood, North Carolina's state flower, chooses to transform the woods into a strange wonderland. Meanwhile, at Pinehurst, the three 18-hole courses become the center of the mid-South's golf activity.



Bermuda: Easter lilies and moonlight bike rides along the coral beaches of Mangrove Bay are two of the big features for April consideration. On this lazy Atlantic island, the pace is just right for sailing, golf, tennis, or swimming at the beach resorts near Somerset. Here, camera fans will never run out of interesting scenic material.

Canada: Last chance, spring skiers! Magnificent skiing resorts of the Canadian Rockies, such as Banff, Jasper, Sunshine Valley, and Skoki Valley, are moderately priced and unbeatable, even in April. The ice fields of British Columbia also present opportunities for year-round skiing. April, too, is the opening of the fishing season in Canada.

Arizona: "The Sun Country." Horsemen the country over congregate at Wickenburg on April 9 for the Caballeros Ride, a five-day trek through the wonders of the desert. Then Phoenix turns Wild West when the whole town assembles for its Rodeo on April 13. All this, plus the inexpensive tours to Grand Canyon and Monument Valley.

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New! Power-packed! Value-packed!

G-E TABLE RADIO

Enjoy big-set performance with this compact G-E beauty. *So* powerful it actually outperforms many consoles. Excellent tone—rich and full. Illuminated slide-rule dial for easy tuning. Exceptionally lovely cabinet in mahogany or ivory plastic. Only **$32.95***

General Electric Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

**Slightly higher West and South. Subject to change without notice.*

Model 404

Dial Beam Radio—It's Different

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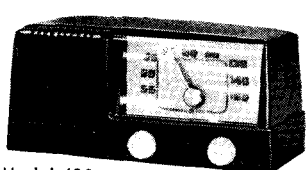

Model 400

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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Coronet *Recommends . . .*

"FOLLOW THE SUN"

THIS IS THE true-to-life story of a great comeback. When golfer Ben Hogan was almost fatally injured in 1949, few people expected that he would ever swing a club again, let alone come within a few strokes of capturing the Los Angeles Open. But he did, touching the heart of America and inspiring a heart-warming 20th Century-Fox film. Glenn Ford as Hogan and Anne Baxter as his loyal wife turn in top-notch performances.

"THE MATING SEASON"

WHEN HARD-WORKING Val McNulty marries wealthy Maggie Carleton, his mother has just sold her hamburger stand. Mrs. Carleton, on the other hand, is a globe-trotting socialite who is outraged at her daughter's marriage to a nobody. Thus Paramount sets the stage for the merriest marital mix-up in months. Thelma Ritter and Miriam Hopkins, as the embattled mothers, all but steal the show from Gene Tierney and John Lund.

"RED BADGE OF COURAGE"

STEPHEN CRANE'S novel about the Civil War is a prime example of realism in American literature. Now, M-G-M has filmed that story with sensitivity and great technical skill. It tells of a green farm boy who is thrown into the sagging Union line, loses heart, and flees to the rear. He returns the next day and, in the forge of war, becomes a man. In the role of recruit Henry Fleming, Audie Murphy gives his best screen performance to date.

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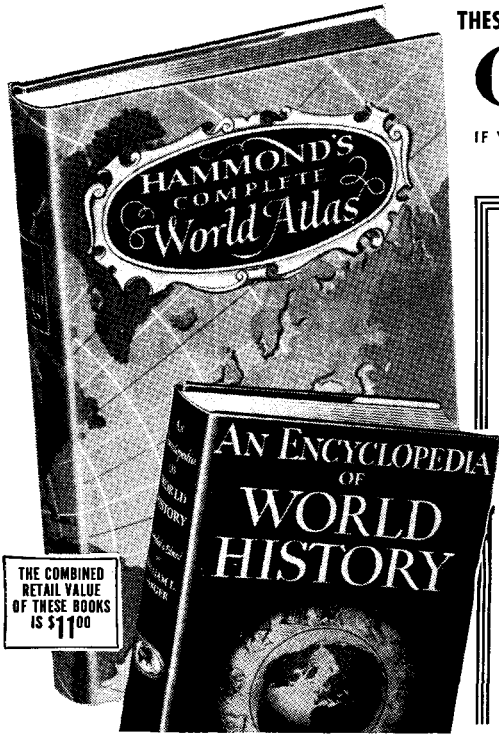
TO DEMONSTRATE the kind of worthwhile library volumes members regularly receive, FREE . . .



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Coy, feminine

Ultrasophisticate

A mysterious twist

Easter Surprise

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN a French millinery designer sets out to please ma'mselle? Out pops a rabbit! A completely different Easter bonnet, it's guaranteed to free the fashion-minded woman from the fear of having just another hat in "the parade." Chances are, she would never recognize it on another woman, for no two women would wear it the same way twice in a row.

Bettina, the famous French fashion model (*above*), shows how a woman can keep her man as constantly surprised by the changes in her hat as she does by her own unpredictable moods. Borrowing shades from the colors found in a pack of Easter-egg dye, the hat comes in purple, red, blue, green, yellow, or black. Well-fashioned in ribbed wool with wire ends that can be twisted and turned into dozens of different shapes, yet stable enough to support jewelry, this chapeau should please both the mirror-seeking woman and the money-conscious husband. A long-range style, it allows for all the changing moods that a woman might want to express freely for months to come.

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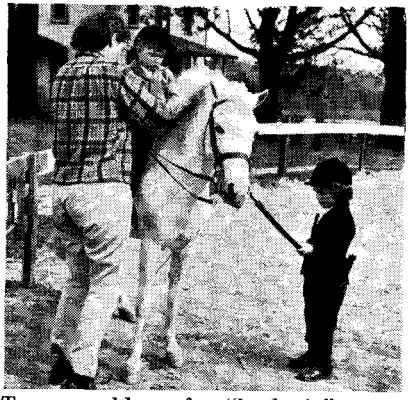
Saddle Students



Two-year-old set for "lead-rein" event.

Tots learn to check one another closely.

Older class takes turn around the ring.

IT MAY SOUND SURPRISING, but a child of six months can start learning to ride a horse. Older children must hold the infants, who soon lose all fear. That is what five years of running a kindergarten on horseback has taught Mrs. Murray Clark, of Forest Hill, Maryland. "The youngsters love it, too; and will cry when you try to take them out of the saddle the first time," she says, proudly pointing to her scores of advanced five- and six-year-old students who have made a habit of winning blue ribbons to prove her theory.

When Mrs. Clark helped the children of Harford County organize a junior horse and pony club in 1945, she didn't realize the club would mushroom. Today, she has 30 ponies, and each week of good riding weather sees about 100 poised, mite-sized equestrians put their mounts through the paces in the school's ring at Saddle Acres.

Working with such small students has required Mrs. Clark to develop new teaching techniques and set up her own "schooling shows," in which the beginner can gain ring experience by actual contest participation. These school programs cover all the events her students meet when they represent the school at county fairs and horse shows.

The tots usually start off with the "lead-rein" event, in which the tiny rider, on his pony, is led around the ring; then on to the "walk," "walk-trot," "novice," and finally the "open rider" class, requiring a veteran good enough to compete against all age groups in walk, trot, canter, halt back, and over jumps, in or out of the ring.

Through this intense competition, Mrs. Clark's charges develop confidence and poise, and she believes the early lessons they receive in the care and handling of animals also give them an increased sense of responsibility.

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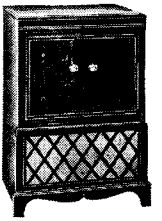
BEST IN A BIG WAY

19" RCA VICTOR



RCA Victor Hillsdale

19-inch console with built-in antenna and phono-jack for "Victrola®" 45 attachment. Mahogany, walnut or limed oak finishes. RCA Victor 9T126

Million proof television—proven in over ~~one~~ two million homes!

● No other television has passed such a demanding test of ownership. Over two million families have chosen RCA Victor for their homes.

RCA Victor's new extra-powerful television pick-up gives you the *best possible* reception—pictures you'll call television's finest. Once you've seen them on the huge, 19-inch picture tube of this newest RCA Victor Hillsdale, you'll settle for nothing less than Million Proof quality for *your* home, too.

And remember—only when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract for expert installation and maintenance.

Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Monday through Friday at 7 p.m. New York time, over your NBC television station.

RCA VICTOR

Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

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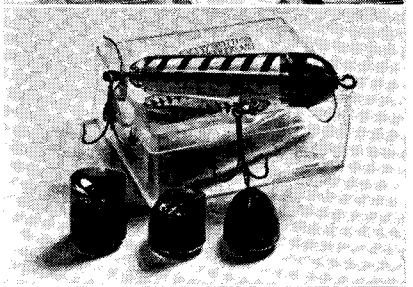
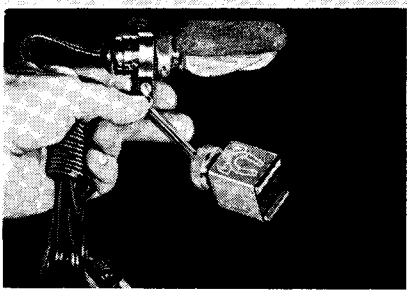
Coronet's Family Shopper

BRING SPRING into your kitchen with this plastic combined shelving and edging. Bend the scallops over the shelf and the border is in place. Reproduced from hand-embroidered organdy, it's dainty and crisp as the original. Red, yellow, blue, or green on white. "Shelf-N-Edge." $3.00 for 30 ft. Hammacher-Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., NYC 22.

MAKE ENLARGEMENTS from black-and-white or color movie film without the bother of negatives. Enlarger and amazing sensitized paper which prints positives from positives plus chemicals, trays, and darkroom light included. The enlarger uses your movie-camera lens. Specify 8 or 16 mm. $50. Foremost Camera Stores, 19 West 44th St., NYC 18.



A HUNDRED PLUGS in one to lure more fish—that's what you get with this plastic body and four interchangeable heads. Removable patterned inserts which fit into the hollow body attract color-conscious fish. The complete set comes in a pocket-size box. "Mystic Minnow." $2.85. Nickel Tackle Co., 247 Riverside Ave., Jacksonville 4, Fla.



A MAGNETIC BASE makes it possible to fasten this useful lamp to steel surfaces, curved or flat. The ball stem swivels into the best position for directing light onto work in hobby shop, sewing room, garage, or laboratory. Portable, versatile, and powerful. "Miti Mite." $8.50*. Enco Manufacturing Co., 4522 W. Fullerton Avenue, Chicago 39, Ill.

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You hear a lot about "Wonder Drugs"

What about Tampax, the Wonder Method?

High among the discoveries of the last few years stands *Tampax*, that revolutionary method for giving better sanitary protection to women . . . And please remember that Tampax is really different, *basically* different. because it is worn internally. Therefore no odor can form. No belts or pins are used. No external pads or bulk of any kind. Tampax causes no bulges, ridges, wrinkles to show through your dress or skirt.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax combines efficiency, convenience, comfort—and gives the wearer a feeling of up-to-dateness and well-being. Invented by a physician, Tampax is constructed of pure, soft absorbent cotton which comes to you in smooth, white applicators designed for easy insertion. Your hands need never touch the Tampax —and you can take your tub or shower without even removing it!

Millions of women now use Tampax and it is particularly a favorite in women's college towns. Buy Tampax at drug or notion counters. A month's supply will go into your purse and it's easily disposable. Three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy box lasts 4 months, average. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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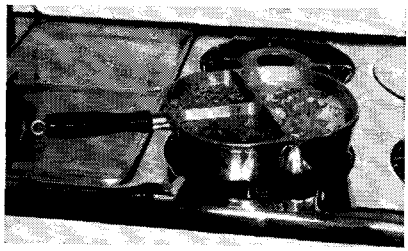
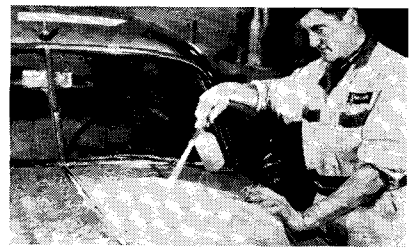
Coronet's Family Shopper

FLEAS AVOID this specially treated mat and your dog as well. A deodorant works on that "doggy odor" while he sleeps. "Flea-no-Mat," 15″ x 28″. $2.95. V. F. Garrett, PO Box 1143, Dallas, Tex.

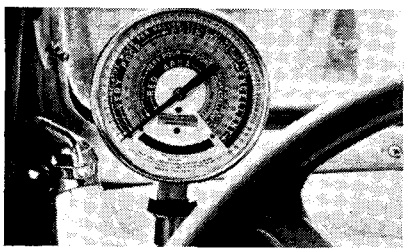
OPEN THIS versatile four-drawer drop-leaf chest to 6 ft. 2 in. for a buffet. With leaf up, it's a desk or table. Add a mirror, and it's a dressing table. $139.50*. G. A. Stowers, Houston, Tex.



HEAT THREE THINGS at once in this cast-aluminum pan. The large section holds one quart, the smaller two a pint each. Saves gas. $6.95. Lewis Pattern Works, 821 Hall Ave., Dayton 4, Ohio.



SWITCH FROM SUDS to rinse water with your fingertips if you use this car-washing nozzle and container. Attaches to garden hose. "Suds It" and shampoo, $5.50*. Lien Chemical, Franklin Pk., Ill.



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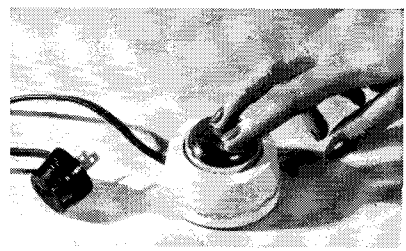

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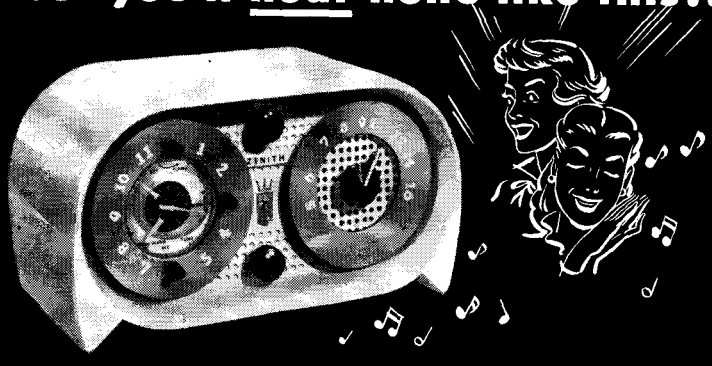

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Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

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Vol. 29, No. 6 April, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

My Son Was a Chaplain

by DR. DANIEL A. POLING

IT WAS IN MY SON'S third year at preparatory school in Poughkeepsie, New York, that I received a telegram: "Meet me Grand Central 11 A.M. tomorrow. Very important. Love, Clark."

That was his first telegram to me and it left me uneasy. What kind of jam was he in? You may be sure I was waiting at the train gate Saturday morning.

Clark was the first passenger through, but he did not have the usual smile that was always good to see. Instead, he flung his hand to my shoulder and kissed me. "Let's go to the office," he said.

When we reached my Fifth Avenue study, he dropped into a chair across from my desk. Then, putting his chin into cupped hands, he searched my face. I remember that moment now as one of the longest of my life. But I asked no questions. I did something harder—I waited. And then the boy across the desk said abruptly: "Dad, what do you know about God?"

Well, after not knowing what to expect, this was a relief—but what a surprise!

What *did* I know about God? I am glad the question was a surprise, that I had no chance to prepare an answer. To that question of a boy in one of his first great in-

From *Faith Is Power—for You*, by Daniel A. Poling, Copyright, 1950, and published by Greenberg Publisher, 201 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

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tellectual and emotional crises, only intuition could give the answer.

"What do I know *about* God?" I replied. . . . "Mighty little!"

That startled him, but I went on: "Mighty little do I know about God, mighty little by the test of absolute knowledge. But what I do know by the test of experience—sickness and health, sorrow and joy, death and life—what I do *know* about God changes my life."

There we began and there, after several hours, we left the great matter. But there through the years that followed we often returned.

JUST WHEN THIS younger son reached his decision to become a preacher, I do not know; but I am sure I knew of the decision soon after it became final. It was in Detroit, after a pre-Easter service, that we went to lunch together and visited a doctor. Clark had come in from Hope College. He was having trouble with a wrist he had broken in football, and I found him wearing a heavy leather support.

We saw the Detroit specialist together. It was apparent that Clark's football days were over. I thought that the doctor's bad news was responsible for his unusual silences. He did little talking until we returned to our hotel room. Then he began—and it seemed he would never finish.

It was late and I was ready to sleep, but he had just started to talk. He spared neither subjects nor his father. Several times I was on the verge of telling him to go to sleep, but each time I stopped and listened, for something was there—something still unsaid after all the saying, and something that I knew instinctively I must wait to hear.

Gradually the boy ran down, and at last grew silent. Then I listened hardest and it came. Quietly but so impressively that as long as I live I shall remember the electric-like shock with which I heard him speak the words, he opened his heart. "Daddy, I'm going to preach. I've got to do it."

I was no longer sleepy or tired. Suddenly I knew that I had always *wanted* this, even when I was sure he would be the first lawyer in our family line. I think all fathers, whatever their professions, have a deep sense of fulfillment when a son decides to follow after them.

Two prayer experiences marked Clark's life before the incident that is the third in this personal trilogy. One August afternoon, before he entered Yale Divinity School, he said: "Dad, I'm going up to Wolf Hill tonight after dinner and I'll not be back for some time. I'm taking a blanket and a canteen, and don't worry about me, and try to keep Mother from worrying." He grinned. "I may stay 24 hours or longer, but there are some things I want to settle, Dad, and I hope I won't be interrupted."

Off he went with blanket and canteen. The night was clear and filled with stars. The day that followed was one of New England's finest, and again the night was beautiful, but by 3 o'clock that second morning I had reached the end of waiting. For hours I had been thinking of the dangerous ledges on Wolf Hill, and Clark's mother was anxious, too.

The boy had been gone nearly 36 hours and without food when I set out to find him. And now my anx-

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iety took on proportions. "Why had I waited? He could have broken a leg that first evening. Cold up there too; only one blanket. What a careless fool I have been!" And so again, as in all similar situations, I came to prayer.

Some climb it was. I ran myself nearly blind before I reached the last steep pitch. Then I shouted "Clark!"—shouted with a wild mixture of terror and remorse.

There was no answer—no reply.

Parenthood is a strange, mysterious experience. Only motherhood reaches its heights and depths, but fatherhood too can be profound and poignant. That night on Wolf Hill was for me an infinite anguish.

Then out of a crevice rose a bewildered, sleep-drunk lad. Startled from slumber, he stood for an instant uncertain, then in a voice that always I shall hear he said, "Dad!" and came to meet me.

We did not linger on the summit, but came quickly down. Clark was silent until we reached the road. Then he talked.

"I had some things to settle," he said slowly, "and I thought that up there I might hear the Voice. I did not hear it—not the Voice . . . But, Dad, I am glad I went; some things are clearer now, and others soon will be."

I knew that on the mountain Clark had met himself as he had prayed and waited.

Suddenly the boy was his buoyant self again. "Gee, I'm glad you came up," he said. "Is Mother worried? Breakfast will sure taste good." I knew we were back to earth.

It was during Clark's first year at Yale that he and I took a walk down an abandoned road near our New Hampshire farm. Telegrams from him were not unusual now, and he had sent one from New Haven. "Important. Must see you."

At that time he was serving the South Meriden Methodist Church as student pastor. He arrived at night and next morning we took our walk. When we were in the deep, silent woods, he began to talk.

"Dad, an old man is dying in my parish and he wants me to say something to him. He needs me, but I haven't anything to say."

We stopped by an old stone wall and he waited. His words rang in my ears. "He needs me, but I haven't anything to say." Clark was a young minister and this was the first time Death had come to him.

I told him of my first pastoral experience with Death—in Ohio, when the mother of six small children left them all weeping at her bed. I had been younger than he. But the principal thing I told him was that he must have something to say before he could speak, and something to give before he could give it.

Also, I told him that since he so greatly desired to be helpful, there need be no question of receiving and experiencing; that the problem reduced itself to "Ask and it shall be given you." It was as simple, but as profound, as that.

Clark and I talked that day to the heart of life's mystery, its beginning and its end in time. We agreed that this life is indeed but the "childhood of our immortality," and then quite naturally we knelt together by the granite wall and prayed.

I left him (I knew he wished me to) and walked home alone. Later, when he returned, I saw he had

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followed the formula and had the answer. I knew he would not disappoint the dying man in South Meriden; that he was going back with something to say, something to give—something that later in the short time of his ministry he said and gave to many people.

DECEMBER 7, 1941, came quickly after our long walk, but there were crowded days in between—his ordination, his call to the old First Reformed (Dutch) Church in Schenectady, his marriage, the birth of his son. But it was in Philadelphia in 1942 that Clark, now a young Army chaplain, made a characteristic request that shaped the third prayer about which I write here.

"Dad," he said, "I don't want you to pray for my return from the war. Many will not return, and to ask God for special family favors just wouldn't be fair!"

Dropping his hand on my shoulder, he became very earnest. "Don't misunderstand me—I'm coming back all right—in spite of the high casualty rate for the chaplaincy. I have no premonitions. *But don't pray for my return.* It would do something to me—not good."

"Pray, Dad," he went on, "that I shall do my duty and something more. Pray that I shall never be a coward. Pray that I shall have strength and courage and understanding of men, and especially that I shall be patient. Oh, Dad, just pray that I shall be adequate! Then, when I do come back, everything will be wonderful."

And that was the prayer we prayed and never any other—that he should be adequate. Sometimes I have wondered—but I have no regrets. That was the right prayer and it was answered.

On April 10, 1943, the War Department reported our son "lost in action." Clark was one of four chaplains of three faiths who were on the transport *S. S. Dorchester*, which sank in iceberg waters within 27 minutes after being torpedoed. At the time, the ship was within 90 miles of its Greenland destination. Of the 904 men on board, 678 were finally reported "lost in action."

In an affidavit filed by three of the ship's crew appear these words: "The following incident was told by soldier survivors to crew survivors, concerning the heroic conduct of the four chaplains aboard the sinking ship—Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant. With utter disregard of self, having given away their life jackets to four men without them, the chaplains stood hand in hand, praying to God for the safety of those men who were leaving the stricken ship on all sides. This is the picture engraved in our minds and hearts as the *Dorchester* disappeared beneath the waves."

Another survivor, Engineer Grady Clark of North Carolina, told of how, standing within "eight feet of Chaplain Poling," he witnessed the terrifying event.

"The chaplains quieted panic," he said, "forced men 'frozen' in fear on the rail toward the boats or over the side, helped men adjust life jackets, and at last gave away their own. They had no chance without life jackets."

He spoke of Chaplain Poling's contagious laugh and concluded: "I swam away from the ship and turned to watch. The flares and Northern Lights now lighted every-

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thing. The bow came up high and she slid under. The last I saw, the chaplains were up there praying for the safety of the men."

Alexander D. Goode, the Jew; John P. Washington, the Roman Catholic; George L. Fox and our son, the Protestants. Four men of three faiths, joined in friendship and sharing in a holy mission, in death were not divided. Lost in action, surely they were found of God.

IN OUR SON'S last letter are words that remind me of our talk together in Philadelphia.

"Apparently I am headed for a blind alley (Greenland)," he wrote, "but, Dad, if when I get there I find one other man, then there will be three of us."

When Clark came to his high hour, he found more than "one other man"; he found many men, and the other "*One*" was there. The prayer he asked me to pray when we talked in Philadelphia was perfectly answered. He was adequate. And who would not want that prayer answered? Who would not be adequate?

Well, you may be! Farmer, merchant, miner, doctor, preacher, public official, teacher, pupil in the school, mother in the home, or whatever—*you* may be adequate. Here is the right prayer, the prayer that never fails of the answer: "Ask and it shall be given you."

Now that prayer is presently to have a shrine. We have given the summit of Wolf Hill a new name—Clark's name. Already it is a shrine, an interfaith shrine, but eventually there will be a memorial there, simple but worthy, to each of the four chaplains, with an eternal light shining down into the valley. It will tell men that beyond all else there is a unity that transcends their differences of faith and race and color.

That shrine and light tell me something more—they tell me that the prayer of faith is *always* answered, and that it is the road to Peace with Power.

Military Matters

A YOUNG DRAFTEE, resplendent in his new Army uniform, was seen walking down San Francisco's Market Street accompanied by not just one but three very attractive girls. Behind him followed two sailors enviously chanting, "Hoarder! Hoarder! Hoarder!" —LOUIS FIELD

THE MAJOR despaired of making soldiers out of any of his recruits except one who seemed to take the Army seriously—and cheerfully. When the time came for the company to be transferred, he summoned the lad to his office.

"I've been watching you," the major said genially, "and I hope the next time I see you, you'll be a second lieutenant."

"Thank you, sir," stammered the flustered private, "and—the same to you, sir." —FRANCES RODMAN

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DOOR OF

by JOHN GARFIELD

IN MIDSUMMER, Tia Juana, Mexico, is a place to stay away from—if you can. I had to go there on a movie location trip several years ago. The heat and dust were insufferable, with the nights clinging stubbornly to the high temperatures.

One particular night, I walked down the road until I found Petrone's, a little Mexican café. It was late, and most of the tequila and beer drinkers had left.

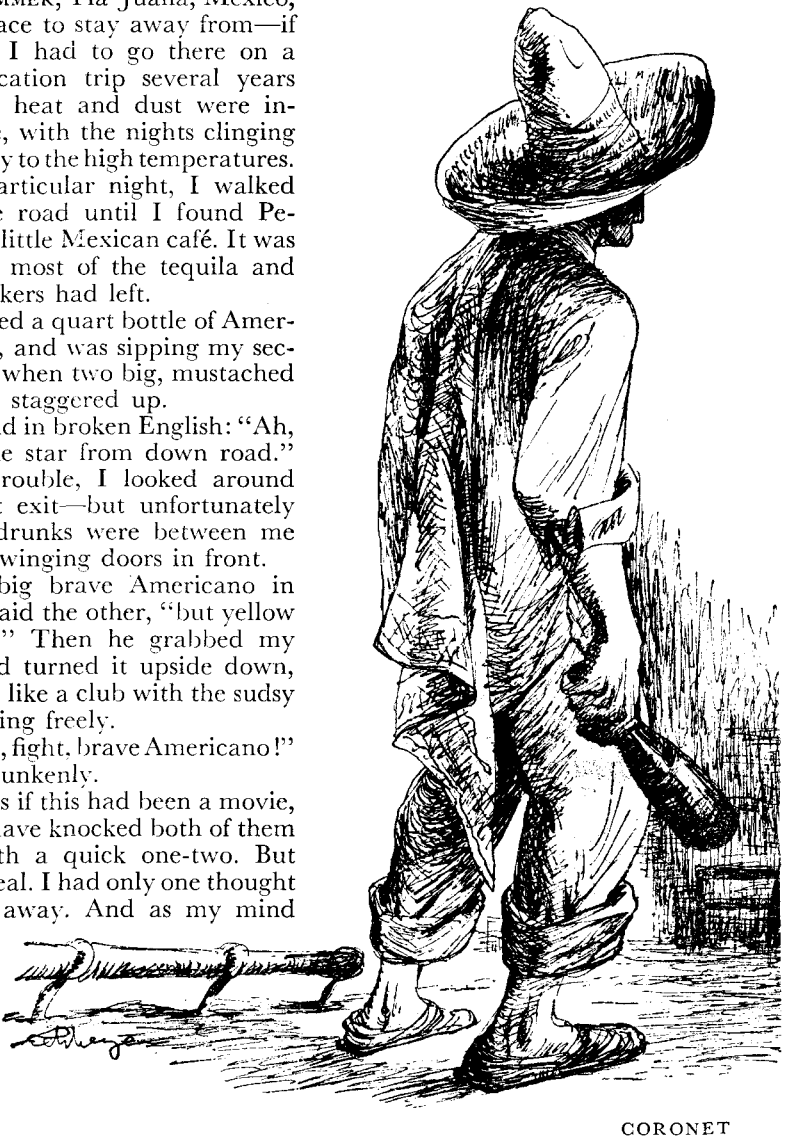
I ordered a quart bottle of American beer, and was sipping my second glass when two big, mustached Mexicans staggered up.

One said in broken English: "Ah, you movie star from down road." Sensing trouble, I looked around for a fast exit—but unfortunately the two drunks were between me and the swinging doors in front.

"You big brave Americano in movie," said the other, "but yellow here, no?" Then he grabbed my bottle and turned it upside down, holding it like a club with the sudsy beer flowing freely.

"Come, fight, brave Americano!" he said drunkenly.

Perhaps if this had been a movie, I would have knocked both of them down with a quick one-two. But this was real. I had only one thought —to get away. And as my mind



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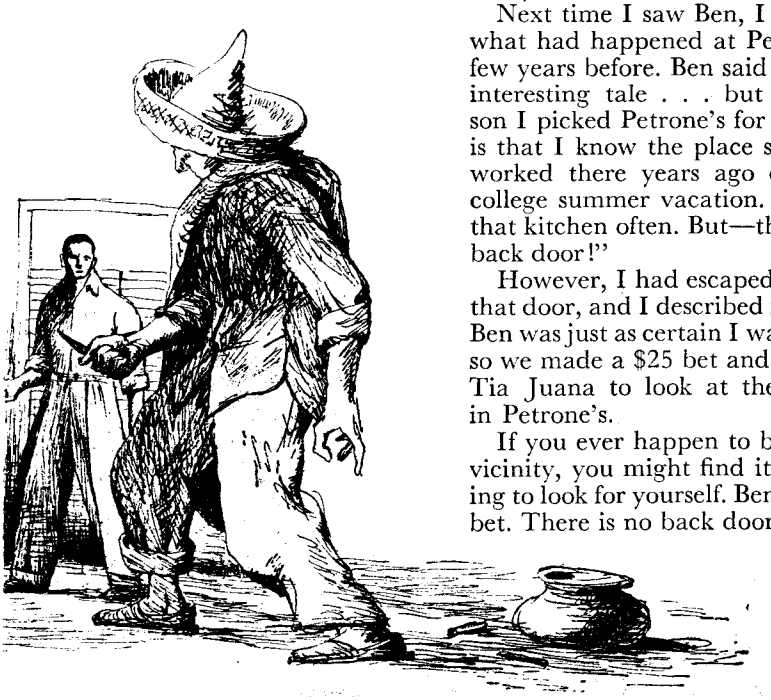
MYSTERY

raced desperately, the smaller Mexican slipped a five-inch knife from his jeans pocket.

There was just one chance for me—the kitchen. If there was no back door, then I was blocked and would have to fight, with the risk of being seriously hurt or worse. I decided to take that chance.

To gain a few extra seconds, I pulled the old trick of motioning and hollering "Hey!" to a nonexistent friend in back of them. As they looked around, I dived for the kitchen door.



ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

The kitchen was a mass of cardboard boxes and huge tin containers. But there it was—a black iron door next to a huge sink! It was open. I lunged through and found myself safe on the road outside. In a few seconds I had vanished into the darkness.

Five years later, a movie writer, Ben Roberts, submitted a script to me which I thought might do for a picture. In the script, a fight takes place in Petrone's little café in Tia Juana, and the hero of the piece is badly beaten.

Next time I saw Ben, I told him what had happened at Petrone's a few years before. Ben said: "It's an interesting tale . . . but the reason I picked Petrone's for the story is that I know the place so well. I worked there years ago during a college summer vacation. I was in that kitchen often. But—there is no back door!"

However, I had escaped through that door, and I described it to him. Ben was just as certain I was wrong, so we made a $25 bet and drove to Tia Juana to look at the kitchen in Petrone's.

If you ever happen to be in that vicinity, you might find it interesting to look for yourself. Ben won the bet. There is no back door!

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Hidden Treasures in Your Attic

by LOUISE LEVITAS

Some of your castoff "junk" may be just what an antique collector is looking for

TAKE A CAREFUL LOOK around your home. Hidden in the attic, in cupboards, old trunks, or out in plain sight may be priceless heritages of the past, wasting there because you don't realize their value.

Recently an antiques expert walked along a street in Mt. Vernon, New York, ringing kitchen doorbells and offering to buy old furniture and other outworn household articles. This man was a "runner," who sells his finds to antique dealers. In one home, invited to look for himself, he climbed on a pantry chair and, from the top shelf, gathered a small pile of china. "Have you any use for this?"

The housewife said no, and was glad to sell the lot for a dollar. The runner carried the china to an antique shop on the main street and sold it for $30. The housewife had never suspected that this "old rubbish" was worth anything.

Sometimes such ignorance is tragic. Two years ago, an infinitely more valuable antique, a Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington, was discovered in a government welfare department. The department had reluctantly inherited the painting from a client—a sea captain's widow. Worthless as far as the staff could tell, the picture was stored in the attic, until one day the department decided to redecorate the conference room.

The portrait was hung on the wall, and ignored, until Alexander Lindemann, restorer of old paintings, visited the office to keep a luncheon date. Thus, a famous portrait, lost to the world for decades, was rescued from oblivion.

Unfortunately, the sea captain's widow had died in poverty, without realizing the fortune her husband had left her. It turned out to be quite a fortune, too—for the picture

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of Washington is valued at $10,000!

Now, before you start looking at the painting that has been in the family for generations, here is a note of caution: the average attic is more likely to harbor small treasures than large. It is important to realize this, or you may toss aside a salable object in favor of something worthless.

For instance, that family painting. By all means dig it out. You may find, however, that the frame is worth more than the picture. The fact is, an old painting is valuable only if it has intrinsic merit. What makes the Stuart portrait worth $10,000 is the greatness of the artist and the rarity of Stuart pictures, *not* just the date of the canvas.

On the other hand, fancy old frames are in great demand today. One prominent dealer buys all the old pictures he can find in Salvation Army thrift shops, *throws away* the canvases, and uses the frames to decorate mirrors—which he then sells at fancy prices.

If the old frames you find in your attic are not so decorative—and therefore don't rate a high price—you may still discover unexpected wealth by looking *behind* the picture. For in earlier times, especially in country households, the back of a picture was equivalent to the sugar bowl as a savings depository. Or there might be an even more valuable picture secreted in the rear.

The biggest such find was made in 1949 by an Ohio man who paid 80 cents for a worthless chromo in a Cleveland secondhand store, because he wanted the frame. His buy soon made news in collectors' journals across the country. When he removed the chromo he discovered a Currier & Ives print, "The Life of a Hunter—a Tight Fix."

Of all the Currier & Ives prints in existence—and there are thousands, some of them worth only a trifle—this happens to be one of the most valuable.

SMALL FAMILY MEMENTOS—19th-century Valentines, old dolls, Victorian paperweights, cameo brooches, clothes with costume value, dime novels, even old Presidential campaign buttons—are being sought now by collectors. Cut glass, which a few years ago was considered a Victorian monstrosity, old-fashioned coffee grinders, mechanical penny banks, musical boxes, and cuckoo clocks are also becoming fashionably quaint.

There are collectors for almost every sort of last-century trivia, and you can find them listed in several journals. *Hobbies*, *The Magazine for Collectors* for instance, is one good source. A glance at their ads will convince you that your attic may contain some collectors' items.

For instance, old player-piano rolls; glass doorstops; letterheads; snuffboxes; coffeepots; men's tie pins; old Christmas-tree ornaments; guns and revolvers; old phonograph records and popular sheet music; old auto-license plates and car parts—lights, bulb horns, brass head lamps; old automobile catalogues; motoring clothing; dress buttons; badges and medals; circus posters and books on bicycling.

All these 19th-century items and more were asked for in recent ads. Although none is worth a great sum, together they may add up to a surprising nest egg.

More important treasure may be

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buried among old books. First editions of classics, even those of comparatively recent date, like the works of Thomas Hardy, Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad—and the earlier mystery novels of Conan Doyle, Edgar Wallace, E. Phillips Oppenheim, and Dashiell Hammett — have multiplied in value through the years. And early American children's books—if you should be lucky enough to find any—are truly valuable. Depending on their quality, they may bring thousands of dollars.

Possibly one of the heirlooms you find—whether it is jewelry, silver, furniture, a book, a painting, or whatever—will turn out to be a genuine antique, of considerable value. The best way to tell is by consulting an expert, because the qualities that make an antique valuable are not grasped easily by the average layman.

An unrecognized antique may be hidden away in your home, or it may be in plain sight without your realizing it. Up in Vermont, an entire village was guilty of such an oversight. Its treasure was hidden in a weather-beaten old church that had been abandoned generations before.

One day a New York antique dealer visited the town, attracted by reports about the bell that hung high up in the church tower. He had a hunch about the bell, and bought the whole church.

Vermonters smiled at the extravagance. But when the dealer had the building pulled down and examined the bell, the village got a jolt that it still remembers. Near the clapper was the signature of a famous silversmith—*Paul Revere*. The bell, of course, was worth several thousand dollars.

The maker's signature or label on your heirloom—if it is genuine and that of a recognized craftsman —is certain proof of its value. But some fine pieces have been copied, with signatures or labels, by modern imitators. Currier & Ives prints, for instance, have been reproduced in the last 25 years. Copies of the famous Stradivarius violins, label and all, have been manufactured on the continent for 200 years.

All of which indicates that, to learn the value of your heirloom, you need expert opinion. If you live near a big museum or a reputable antique dealer, these are ready sources of information. You can also write, enclosing a photograph of the object and a detailed description, to the Research Editor of the magazine, *Antiques*, 40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y. This magazine is glad to supply the answers as a public service.

MOST ANTIQUES automatically become more valuable if accompanied by the original bill of sale or some other documentation which proves authenticity. A set of ten chairs said to have been made for George Washington are sitting right now in the back room of a New York antique shop.

The shop owners have taken the set to a museum authority for an estimate of the date, and the evidence shows that the chairs *were* made during the life of Washington.

They won't try to sell these chairs, however, until they can get further authentication. Because, as antiques which might have belonged to anybody, they are worth about $3,500;

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as Washington's chairs, their value jumps many times.

Antiques of such price, of course, are seldom found hiding in just anybody's attic or cellar. To the country's outstanding museum, the Metropolitan in New York, many people have hopefully brought their *bibelots*. Few of these objects have turned out to be as rare as their owners had hoped. Yet once in a great while the unexpected still can happen.

It happened a few years ago when a man brought in a mahogany chest of drawers. One glance and the Museum official recognized it. For it was the companion piece, the lowboy made to match the rare Philadelphia highboy (Chippendale period, 1770), which had been on display for years.

The man, a secondhand dealer, said he had bought it with a pile of discards from a Brooklyn home.

Although most experts believe the field of American antiques has been pretty well scoured, there are finds to be made in some special categories. For example, paintings by artists like Heade, Harnett, or Remington, now coming back into vogue, are still unrecognized in many American homes.

"We know there are examples of Paul Revere's workmanship as yet unrecovered," the acting curator of the American Wing at the Metropolitan said recently. "It's strange, because every piece has his mark —'Revere'—stamped on the silver. Probably these lost pieces are packed away in someone's attic."

And that attic might be yours.

An Unmentionable Incident

A YOUNG English actress, after years of trouping small towns in third-rate stock companies to support her two children, at last got a part with a London company playing at the Adelphi Theater.

One evening during a dramatic speech, to her horror and consternation she felt her panties fall slowly to the stage. Immediately the theater was an uproar of hoots, catcalls, whistles, and sly remarks.

The actress, who was not popular with cast or stage manager, knew she would probably be dismissed; but decided at least she would go out with head unbowed. Quickly bending down, she picked up the offending garment, walked over to the wings, and tossed it into a corner. Then she returned to the center of the stage, stared the audience into respectful quiet, picked up her speech exactly where she had left off, and completed the scene to triumphant applause.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, who was in the audience that evening, remarked, "Any actress who could handle that kind of humiliating situation with such wit and courage is one I would like in a play of mine."

Which was how Mrs. Patrick Campbell got the part that was to bring her lasting fame in the theater . . . Paula in Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. —STELLA KAMP

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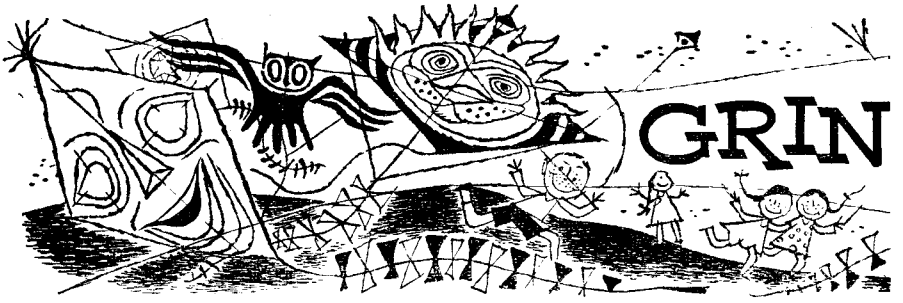

THE MAN STOPPED at a jeweler's to look at some watches that had been advertised in the newspapers as selling below cost.

"If you're selling these below cost," he asked, "where does your profit come in?"

"Oh," replied the jeweler, "we make our profit repairing them."

—E. A. CHAFFEE

WHEN THE DAY of their 25th wedding anniversary came and Pa started about his business as usual, Ma snapped: "Don't you realize what day this is?"

"Yup," said Pa.

"Well, how are we going to celebrate?" she persisted.

Pa thought that over a moment, then suggested mildly: "How about two minutes of silence?" —ELAINE BRANN

LOST ON THE HARVARD campus, a visitor stopped a lordly undergraduate and inquired directions. The Harvardian hesitated, then said apologetically: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm afraid I can't help you. I'd have to point." —ELEANOR C. WOOD

SITTING NEXT to a glamorous but talkative young woman, John Barrymore listened to her discourse without a murmur for what was, for him, a very long time. She ran on and on, apparently enthralled with the sound of her own voice. Finally Barrymore made a little rattling noise deep in his throat. She smiled and continued chattering. He made the sound again, but louder. She didn't stop. He clamped his jaws together and let forth a mighty rumble. Everyone at the table turned to look. The beauty paused in mid-sentence. "Why, Mr. Barrymore, what was that?"

He let his gaze wander all around the table. "That, Madame," he informed her, "was one little word—trying to get in edgewise!"

"LATE AGAIN!" the boss barked, as young Jeffers slipped into the office and took his seat at his desk.

"I'm sorry, sir," the young man apologized, "but last night my wife presented me with a boy."

"It would have been better if she had presented you with an alarm clock!" the boss retorted.

Jeffers grinned.

"I rather imagine she has," he ruefully replied. —*Wall St. Journal*

SUZIE'S GRANDMOTHER had come to visit for a few days. Being a member of the old school, she believed in the adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

One day as Suzie was being a

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little more prankish than usual, Grandma said, "I'm going to fetch the switch!"

Suzie looked at Grandma with the innocence only a child possesses and replied, "Grandma, don't you think it's time you went home to see Grandpa?" —JEAN BROCKBANK

A REPORTER was interviewing a United States Army nurse behind the Korean front line. She was describing an air raid.

"As soon as I heard the Yaks," she said, "I jumped into the nearest wolfhole . . . "

"Foxhole," gently corrected the reporter.

"Well, I wouldn't know," she answered, "but this one certainly had wolves in it." —*Cape Argus*

"READ THAT CHART," the examining physician ordered the prospective draftee.

"What chart?" asked the recruit.

"Right you are! There isn't any chart," agreed the M.D. "1A for you, my boy." —PAUL STEINER

"YOU SAY YOU HAVE HAD the same servant for two years?" the young matron said in disbelief. "However have you managed to keep her so long?"

"It isn't our idea, it's hers," replied her friend. "She says she doesn't believe in changing after she's gone to the trouble of teaching a family her ways."

—LEWIS & FAYE COFFLAND

ANY JOURNALIST who acquires a reputation as a fighter is bound, in the course of his career, to come in for his share of below-the-belt punches. Horace Greeley, perhaps the fightingest editor of his day, was no exception.

One of the dirtiest blows leveled against him was the accusation that he was influenced by powerful interests. Where another editor might have blown his top with denials that people would only half-believe anyway, Greeley handled the situation with his own peculiar genius for feint and parry.

"Sure I'm influenced by powerful interests," he roared, "but leave my wife's name out of this!"

—*Home Topics*

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The WONDER SCOUT of Salt Lake City

The story of Don Lee and Mama Rose is a saga of great courage and determination

by ANDREW HAMILTON

THERE HAD BEEN many Boy Scout courts of honor in that little Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. But one held in October, 1949, was different. A 66-year-old Danish-born nurse, with braided hair and gold-rimmed glasses, stood beside a husky, blond youth of 17. With trembling fingers she pinned the Eagle Scout badge on his uniform.

"Thanks, Mama Rose," the boy grinned as he stooped to kiss her. "I couldn't ever have made it without you!"

Since 1910, more than 225,000 American youths have won this highest award of the Scouts. But Don Lee of Troop 446, Salt Lake City, was the first *without legs* ever to achieve it.

Handicapped as he was, he probably couldn't have passed difficult Scouting requirements in hiking, swimming, camping, and physical development without the love and encouragement of an unusually wise and gifted woman—Anna Rosenkilde, his guardian and "adopted" mother.

The story of Don Lee and Mama Rose is a saga of two people, thrown together accidentally, who refused to accept the second-bests in life. Don lost his legs when he was only nine months old. His real parents then lived near Afton, Wyoming. One day he was playing outdoors near an open fire, in care of an older brother. Suddenly his mother heard the older child scream: "Donny's burning!"

At the Latter-Day Saint Hospital in Salt Lake City, doctors amputated his legs but didn't expect him to live. When he was transferred to Primary Hospital, however, Anna Rosenkilde, the superintendent, decided to help this golden-haired baby hang on.

Born in Denmark of Mormon parents, she had come to the U. S. in 1900 as a teen-age girl. Impelled

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by a youthful desire to help humanity, she took up nursing and never married. As a U. S. Army nurse in France in 1918, she had seen frightfully wounded men cling desperately to life. She knew that recovery depended upon creating the will to live.

So she looked after the helpless boy night and day, bought him special medicines and toys. "I spent more time with him than with the other children," she says, "because his need was so much greater."

Under her skillful care, the stumps healed and soon Don Lee was playing tag on the hospital lawn—rolling over and over in a tight somersault instead of running.

One day when he was three, Anna found Donny weeping bitterly. He was trying to fit a pair of shoes to the scarred stumps of his legs—realizing for the first time that he was not like the others.

DON RESENTED his first artificial legs. They hurt the stumps and restricted his somersaulting. But little by little, Mama Rose brought Don to a willing acceptance of them by constantly reminding him in subtle ways how they made him look "exactly like other boys." When he was ten, she took him to the Deseret Gymnasium, where Coach Charlie Welch taught him to swim.

Actually, it was Anna Rosenkilde who was "adopted" by Don Lee. His parents, after paying the medical expenses for so many years, were unable to assume the task of rehabilitating and educating Don. So they did what was best—left him in the care of the hospital and Mama Rose. At 13, however, he became too old for the Primary Hospital and social workers decided he would have to return to his family. Mama Rose was stunned.

Even though the boy walked on artificial legs, he still needed spiritual help and medical care. And after the terrible ordeals they had shared, he seemed to belong to her more than to his real parents. She got in touch with them and explained the circumstances.

Don's parents were willing to have him live with her. But what about Don himself?

Before asking the question that would determine her future happiness, Anna Rosenkilde resigned as superintendent at Primary to make a home for Don. Her life savings of $3,000 went into buying a white frame house on the outskirts of Salt Lake City. Then, with a silent prayer, she asked Don if he would like to live in her home.

Her heart soared as he answered simply: "Mama Rose, I want to live with you always."

When Don had become a Boy Scout, Anna rejoiced that he would be associating more with the well than with the sick. He was good at Scout requirements where he could use his strong, sure hands—knot-tying, first-aid bandaging, signaling. He soon earned the Tenderfoot and Second Class badges.

At times, however, he became discouraged. And though Mama Rose secretly wept when she saw her beloved "son" unable to do all the boisterous things that Scouts do, she would tell him gently: "If you can't do things the way the others do them—find your own way."

When he came to the tests for First Class Scout, Don ran up against real trouble. One of the

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requirements called for a 14-mile overnight hike. How could a boy with artificial legs make such a grueling trip?

"You should get a doctor's certificate stating that you're permanently disabled," somebody suggested. "Then you could substitute trail signs or some related activity for the hike."

"Nope," replied Don. "I'm going to make that hike just like the rest of you guys—or I'm not going to wear the badge."

One week end he went camping at Tracy Wigwam, Salt Lake City's all-weather camp in Mill Creek Canyon. He decided then that he was ready for the 14-mile hike. Camp officials told him they would help him all they could—but that he must walk every inch of the way on his own wooden legs.

Don and a staff member of the camp set out—down Rattlesnake Hill, through Parley's Canyon, and over to the base of Suicide Cliff. It was rugged going, even though downhill. His artificial legs got out of control when the ground was rough or sloping. When Don and his companion spread their sleeping bags that night, they had completed eight of the 14 miles.

Next day was much harder, because the going was uphill all the way. Don's legs were painfully swollen but he gritted his teeth and marched on. Every step was an effort, every hill a mountain. When he tottered into Tracy Wigwam at the end of the second day, the stumps of his legs were blistered—but there was a grin on his tired face.

"Gotta call Mama Rose and tell her," was his first thought.

The star scout award—next rung in the ladder toward the coveted Eagle badge—was fairly easy. It could be won with *any* five Merit badges. Don quickly passed art, painting, music, personal health, and public health.

But then difficulties began to pile up again. Both the Life and Eagle medals required the physical development or athletics Merit badge. For a couple of years, Don could not determine how to pass this test—even in his "own way."

Since Welch had taught him to swim like a muskrat, he had earned the Red Cross Junior Lifesaving Certificate. His powerful arm and shoulder muscles made him an expert rope climber. But what about requirement No. 5 for the physical-development badge, which stated: "Demonstrate the proper form in running, high jump, hurdle and shot-put"?

This was the blackest period of Don's 17 years. It was also a time when his legs were giving him serious trouble again. Every few months stiff scar tissue on the stumps had to be removed. The physical pain, plus mental depression, made the weeks following each series of operations dark indeed.

Anna Rosenkilde was keenly aware of the frustration and disappointment that weighed on the boy's soul. Often, going into her little bedroom, she would pray for strength and wisdom to guide her boy. With the calm assurance that followed, she would tell him:

"Have faith, Don, and pray often. I know you'll find a way."

One day, as Don and Mama Rose were studying the Merit badge requirements for the hundredth time, he began to look hard at the word

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"demonstrate." Exactly what was its literal meaning? He took out a dictionary, then shouted: "Hey, listen to this, will you? The dictionary defines demonstrate '*to explain or illustrate, as in teaching, by the use of examples.*' "

"Then you wouldn't have to demonstrate the athletic events personally," Anna Rosenkilde said. "You could use diagrams, motion pictures, or even other athletes."

"Yeah!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Why, ever since I entered Junior High, I've been helping Coach Utter train the track team."

Under the dictionary interpretation of requirement No. 5, within a six-month period a flurry of Merit-badge winning brought Don's total to 24, three more than necessary for the last and highest goal of millions of American boys—the handsome medal which features a silver eagle hanging from a red-white-and-blue ribbon.

Before Don's credentials were sent to the Scout national council in New York, Coach Floyd Utter re-examined him for his physical development badge—to eliminate any suspicion that Don was being favored because of crippled legs. Then Utter readily certified that the legless boy had "demonstrated" the running, jumping, hurdling, and shot-put events, and that he had actually performed the swimming, baseball throw for distance, and the rope climb.

Shortly thereafter, William E. Lawrence, National Director of Boy Scouting Service, wrote: "I appreciate having the material which describes Don Lee's experience in advancing to Eagle. He certainly must be a great Scout. There is no question that he deserves this recognition."

Today Don is not only an Eagle Scout but also an active and popular member of the senior class at West High School. All of this is due not only to his grit and determination, but also to the affection and moral courage that Mama Rose has given him through the years. For it was she who taught him that if the human spirit has wings, it doesn't need legs.

Candid Comment

When grandma was a girl she didn't do the things girls do today . . . but, then again, grandma didn't do the things that grandmas do today. —BRIDGEPORT (ILL.) *Leader*

One of the few boring things in this world that can be shut up is a dull book.

The thing that keeps a man financially bent is having to face and foot his bills all at the same time! —*Wall Street Journal*

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SAN FRANCISCO'S STREET OF TRAGEDY

by ROBERT O'BRIEN

ALONG THE BOTTOM of a sunless canyon in San Francisco wanders a crooked, four-block lane called Leidesdorff Street. It is a quiet place, and what sounds penetrate there come from Pine Street traffic and the clicking heels of stenographers. Few of the passers-by realize they traverse an ancient thoroughfare, rich in the history and glamour of Gold Rush days.

Once Leidesdorff Street resounded to the shouts of gold-seekers who crowded into it after hazardous sea trips. Today, it is the sole memorial to a once-powerful man who literally drove himself to death, trying to erase from his mind the vision of a beloved woman . . .

William Alexander Leidesdorff in the 1830s represented the light of love to many a New Orleans society belle. The illegitimate son of a wandering Dane and a West Indian girl, the handsome young cotton merchant had risen above the disgrace of his birth.

But he kept his heart free, until he saw Hortense, the girl with the golden hair and blue eyes. Her family traced its ancestry to the aristocracy of Louis XIV's France.

Leidesdorff fell in love with her at once. Although the knowledge of his lowly birth tormented him, somehow he could not muster the courage to tell Hortense. And when he proposed, she accepted him.

But the secret haunted him. At last, one evening just before the wedding, he revealed his background, tearfully begging forgiveness. Weeping bitterly, Hortense replied that her father would never consent to the match, but she would love him until she died.

Leidesdorff promptly sold all his property and bought a schooner for a voyage to the Pacific. He was leaving New Orleans forever.

Adapted from *This Is San Francisco* by Robert O'Brien. Copyright 1948 by the author, and published by Whittlesey House, 330 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N.Y.

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The day before departure, the distraught young man was walking along Canal Street when he saw a funeral. White plumes on the hearse indicated the death of someone young. Sitting in the first carriage were Hortense's father, mother and sister. Leidesdorff went pale.

"My God," he whispered, "whose funeral is that?"

"A young society girl's," replied a bystander. "Poor thing, she almost married a mulatto. She died from the shock, they say."

That night, the priest who had administered the last rites to the dying girl brought Leidesdorff a tiny gold crucifix. The priest said she had sent it to tell him that she loved him to the end.

A few years later, after roaming the Pacific disconsolately, Leidesdorff dropped anchor off San Francisco. There he threw himself into the commercial, political, and social life of the outpost community with a frantic display of energy.

In 1845, he was appointed American vice-consul. Next year, he openly aided General Frémont and his rebels in their seizure of northern California. In 1847, he was one of a committee of three which supervised the building of the Territory's first public school.

Still trying to forget Hortense's haunting good-bye, Leidesdorff sought other, even frivolous, outlets. He bought a spirited horse and in 1847 staged California's first formal horse race on a meadow flat near Mission Dolores. Not long thereafter, he imported from Alaska a Russian-built launch, which became the first steamer to ply California's coastal waters.

Six months later, he died of brain fever. Only 38, he had never forgotten the beautiful Hortense and the tragedy which sent him to voluntary exile in California. Today, three miles from the lane that bears his name, Leidesdorff sleeps beneath the stone floor of the Mission Dolores—forgotten to Leidesdorff Street and to history.

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN BISCHOFF

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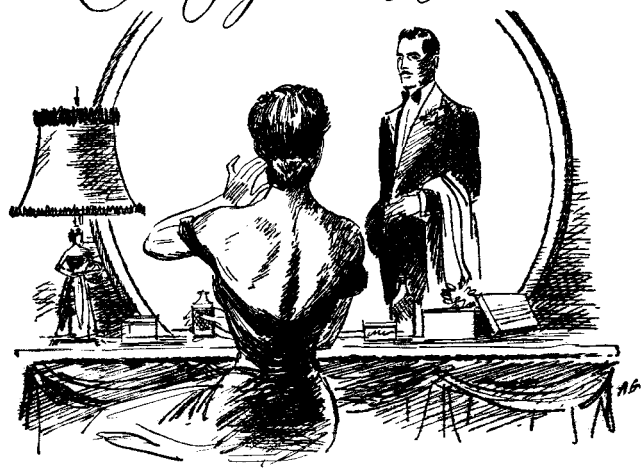
Perfume's Magic World



by MADELYN WOOD

It takes skill, patience, and luck to find an exotic new scent women will buy

INTOXICATION . . . White Shoulders . . . Devastating . . . Breathless . . . Surrender . . . Sleeping . . . My Sin . . . Tabu . . .

The racy flamboyance of some of the names it dreams up for its products is no less exotic than the $100,000,000-a-year perfume industry that turns them out. Mix elements of the Arabian Nights, Alice in Wonderland, Sigmund Freud, along with a dash of Rube Goldberg, and you get a hint of the combination that makes it about the zaniest business on earth.

For the dozen or so big companies—French, English, and American—which dominate the business, as well as for the several dozen smaller ones, there is nothing simple about this enterprise which makes its living by convincing women that perfume is something they can't live without—unless they want to live alone.

The first complication arises right there, for although the industry directs its advertising largely toward women, perhaps 60 per cent of all perfume is bought by men for women, who, to the dismay of the perfume makers, are about 80 per cent wrong in the way they use the product.

At that, the perfumer counts himself lucky, for he has an item whose sales are harder to predict than the outcome of a political

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campaign. And further, the perfumer must consider himself fortunate even to have a fragrance for sale, since creating a new perfume is a dizzy affair, compounded of equal parts of science, art with a capital A, and sheer luck.

You think perfume is a simple little mixture the chemists whip up from something they squeeze out of flowers? Actually it is a fantastic mixture of chemical compounds, a veritable witch's brew of strange, rare, and unlikely substances.

Right at the start, there is the world-wide search for materials. As far as these are concerned, none of the widely known perfumes are really "French" or "American," because they are made up of materials from ten or more, and sometimes as many as 50, countries.

Among them are items like myrrh (the ancient Biblical substance) from Arabia, sandalwood from India, anise from Indo-China, labdanum from Greece, lemongrass from Guatemala, pennyroyal from Spain, benzoin from Thailand, oakmoss from Yugoslavia, neroli from France, and so on down a list of hundreds of substances.

Capturing nature's floral fragrances is another major operation. Around the quaint old town of Grasse, France, long known as the "most fragrant city on earth," you can derive an amazing picture of how flowers get into perfume. The job is to extract the essential oils that give flowers their fragrance. For that, the quantities of flowers required are staggering.

A pound of rose absolute (absolutes are the whole perfume content in flowers) often requires half a ton of fragile petals. One pound of orange-flower absolute takes more than half a million blossoms. And that is minor compared with jasmine absolute, a pound of which requires *four million* flowers.

In some cases, nature contrives to stop the perfumers from using a natural fragrance, and thus has come about the search for synthetics. Although the search has often failed, there is always the chance of a lucky "accident."

That is what happened more than 50 years ago, when the great German chemist, Ferdinand Tiemann, set out to find the secret of the odor of violets, whose oil was a fantastic luxury. Because 1,000 pounds of violet petals yield a single pound, Tiemann couldn't afford to buy the oil for his experiments. Instead, he worked with orris root, which has a violetlike odor.

Carefully Tiemann and his associate, Paul Krüger, tore down the molecules in the roots until at last they had a substance they thought was irone, the chemical they believed gave off the violet odor. Then they set out to copy it.

Step by step they put together different materials, until at last they were sure they had created a perfect imitation. There was only one trouble: it didn't smell like violets. Tiemann gave up, tossed the stuff out, and gave the beaker to an assistant for cleaning.

As the helper poured strong acids into the glass, something astonishing happened. The addition of the acids created just the right combination. Joy spread over Tiemann's face as he seized the beaker and sniffed, for from it arose the sweet odor of violets.

How today's perfumer manages

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to blend various things into a seductive fragrance is one of the wonders of the chemical world. All the more so because the perfumer, the man known in his world as "The Nose," may not be a scientist at all. The one thing that sets him apart from other mortals is his incredible sense of smell.

"To be a perfumer," explains one eminent practitioner of the art, "you must be able to *see* an odor."

The perfumer sits in front of "the organ"—a bank of several hundred bottles, each containing one of those substances for which the world has been combed. Then he proceeds to combine them, hoping to arrive at some "picture" in his mind. The chances are that when he sniffs the tiny blotter which he has saturated with his new fragrance, he will toss the concoction away. One inhalation is enough to tell him that somewhere along the line chemistry played him false.

The perfumer gets his idea for odors from all kinds of sources—and sometimes they haunt him for years. One perfumer spent a decade trying to duplicate the rich fragrance he had smelled as a boy when wandering through fields. Another, remembering the pleasant woody smell of his father's pipe, incorporated a hint of tobacco odor in a perfume that became a great success. A perfumer who grew up by the sea managed to blend a perfume that somehow suggested ocean winds blowing across a tropical island.

Once a perfumer's fragrance has actually been made into a finished product, there is still the superquestion: will it sell? One company has 10,000 different formulas, most of them gathering dust because they lacked the elusive something that makes people buy them.

No wonder the most valuable assets of the perfume houses are the pieces of paper which contain the successful formulas. Consider, for example, the fabulous tale of Tabu.

It started in the mind of an ex-lawyer, a Spaniard named Javier Serra, who set up a perfume business and became known as a wizard in the trade. Driven out of Spain by the civil war, he went to Paris and South America, and finally to New York with something worth millions in his pocket—the formula for a perfume he called Tabu.

Unfortunately, a Chicago cosmetics maker, J. L. Younghusband, already held a trademark on a deodorant called Taboo. One whiff of Tabu, however, was enough to make him forget his product. The two men got together, and soon the U. S. was treated to the gala pyrotechnics that go with launching a new perfume.

Younghusband and his advertising man, Norman Phelps, came up with hints that Tabu was "the forbidden perfume." "Stay away from Tabu," they warned, "if you cannot accept its challenge."

A reproduction of the picture *Kreutzer Sonata*, in which a violinist has momentarily lost sight of his music to kiss his accompanist, needed no words. The implication was plain that the lady used Tabu. Delighted by the idea, sophisticated publications lampooned the picture. When a young lady led a skunk named Tabu along Fifth Avenue, Tabu's cup of publicity was full—and $17.50 an ounce didn't seem too much to pay for the perfume.

The Tabu campaign, however, is

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not typical; most perfume houses find that dignity and simplicity pay off, too. Thus, there is the successful Tweed by Lentheric, Apple Blossom by Helena Rubinstein, and Blue Grass by Elizabeth Arden. And while Caron makes *N'Aimez Que Moi* (Love Only Me) it also sells the much more simply named *Or et Noir*—Gold and Black.

Hattie Carnegie has Hypnotic, but also promotes her Carnegie Blue. Corday has *Toujours Moi*, but it also has just plain Jet. Bergdorf-Goodman sells lots of a perfume with a no more exotic title than Number 29 as does Chanel with its famed Number 5. Coty boasts of such modestly named offerings as Muse, Paris, and *Emeraude*.

Faberge may have its Tigress, but it also has the subdued Woodhue. Lanvin, which has made quite a splash with My Sin and Scandal, also does well with *Arpege*. Houbigant doesn't think the simple name *Le Parfum Ideal* hurts sales of one of its perfumes, nor is Richard Hudnut abashed by a down-to-earth title like Yanky Clover.

THE PERFUME MAKERS, once they have gone through the long process of getting their product made and sold, are still concerned about how it is used. Recently several major makers set up The Fragrance Foundation, an organization devoted to helping women make better use of bottled scents. Applying perfume, say the experts, is an art that has a lot to do with the odor's effectiveness.

Perfume should be applied at the pulse spots—*in front* of the ears, inside the wrists, in the crooks of the arms, at the temples, at the sides of the neck, even behind the knees. It should never be dabbed on clothing, as it may injure certain fabrics. However, it is safe to use an atomizer to scent clothing.

When it comes to buying perfume, the authorities report that men do wonderfully well—primarily because they are helpless about choices and are willing to take advice from the salesperson. However, there are hazards here, as one young man discovered when he gave his fiancée a jasmine-scented perfume. She immediately burst into a torrent of tears.

It just happened that this particular odor brought back memories of a childhood made miserable by her father's remarriage to a woman who used a jasmine perfume. Psychologists will testify that none of the senses is more deeply tied up with emotions than is the sense of smell—a fact which may account for the existence of the exotic and glamorous perfume industry.

Boys Together

AN OLD MAN, walking down the street, noticed a little boy seated on the curb crying. He asked, "Why are you crying, little boy?"

"Because I can't do the things the big boys do," sobbed the lad. So the old man sat down and cried with him. —*Voo Doo*

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Picture Story

WE MADE IT!

Illustrated by FRANCIS CHASE

MODERN PIONEERS—pilots whose jet planes cut the stratosphere in a grueling race with sound, parachutists who plummet thousands of feet through space—are the heirs to a brave tradition. Long ago, when challenge lay beyond every horizon, or today, when wireless communications and continent-spanning airships have drawn the world tight, the basic ingredients of exploration and discovery remain the same: strength, courage, endurance, and unwavering faith.

In these brilliant paintings, CORONET tells the story of yesterday's adventurers, who drove back the frontiers and carried the dreams of mankind on their final dash to glory.

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EDWARD WHYMPER: "The World Was at Our Feet."

EDWARD WHYMPER knelt in the powdery snow and gazed up at the loftiest peak in the Swiss Alps—the mysterious Matterhorn. For years it eluded him, as it had eluded all men for countless centuries. Six times Whymper had assaulted its southwestern face; each time he was thrown back. But on this cloudless July afternoon in 1865, he clung to the eastern slope, three miles up in the pale sky, only 200 feet from victory. The Matterhorn was to exact a terrible tribute for the unveiling of its shrouded majesty: four of Whymper's comrades would plunge to their death on the descent. Only by the grace of a broken rope would anyone live to tell of it. But in his greatest moment, Whymper was gathering his strength for a last dash into the sun. "At 1:40, the world was at our feet, and the Matterhorn was conquered."

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AMUNDSEN AND ELLSWORTH: "We Could Tell Geographers..."

IN 1926, WHEN MEN still spoke of a great land beyond the North Pole, Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth lifted their dirigible *Norge* from its Spitzbergen base. Their plan was to fly the ice-locked Arctic Sea; their objective was to find land if it existed. Soon ice began to form on the airship's propellers. Crew men hacked at it. Fog closed in. The men shivered on narrow duckwalks. But all the while, the Norwegian and the American peered through the half-day, half-night. They noted reefs, ice formations, open sea—but no land. Then excited natives of an Alaskan village saw a giant bird in the sky. The *Norge* had made it; Amundsen and Ellsworth had explored 300,000 square miles of desolate wasteland and proved conclusively that "the white patch at the top of the globe could be tinted blue."

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THE PONY EXPRESS: "Mail's Got to Go Through!"

THE REPORT READ: "The mail was placed on a bay mare for the first stage of the through express from St. Joseph." Half a continent away, another rider spurred his mount eastward from Sacramento, California, sacks of precious mail flapping as he flew over the prairie. It was April 3, 1860: the Pony Express was born. The horsemen reached their first relay station. Even before they fell exhausted from their saddles, the mail had been tossed to fresh riders. The relay continued. Day and night, lean men with narrowed eyes pounded across the prairie. In the night, they flashed by slow-moving stagecoaches. By day, they outran war-painted Indians. Then, on April 13, California frontiersmen spotted the long-awaited dust cloud and raised a mighty shout. The Continental Divide had been conquered.

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CHARLES A. LINDBERGH: "The Lights of LE BOURGET Were Visible..."

ROOSEVELT FIELD, N. Y., was banked in dawn fog as the heavily loaded monoplane started down the muddy runway. Then, some sandwiches crammed in his pocket, Charles A. Lindbergh was alone in the sky, headed for Paris and a rendezvous with destiny. On May 20, 1927, Americans read big headlines: "Lone Aviator Flying Atlantic." The whole world was holding its breath. Would he make it? Meanwhile, Lindy was skimming the whitecaps on the Great Circle to Europe. Hours passed. He slapped his face to keep awake. Suddenly the late afternoon sunshine painted a beautiful picture—Ireland dead ahead. A few hours later, the *Spirit of St. Louis* touched Le Bourget airfield in Paris. Disarmingly naïve, the slim flier's first words were, "I am Charles Lindbergh." Then the crowd swallowed him up.

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TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD: "The Last Rail Is Laid!"

UNION PACIFIC'S "119" and Central Pacific's "Jupiter" faced each other across the last 56-foot gap in a 3,000-mile highway of rails. Both engines were aswarm with workers and dignitaries. It was May 10, 1869, and in a desolate spot called Promontory Point, Utah, history was being made. Among the 1,500 men who milled on the dusty prairie in their Sunday best, there were some who had laid rails, section by section, all the way from Missouri and California. It had taken them five years to cross the mountains and beat back the Indians, to weather bitter cold and withering heat. Now, at last, the transcontinental railroad was a reality. The last rails were quickly laid. The last spike was dropped into its hole. And as the hammer swung, a telegrapher flashed the news to a waiting nation: "Done!"

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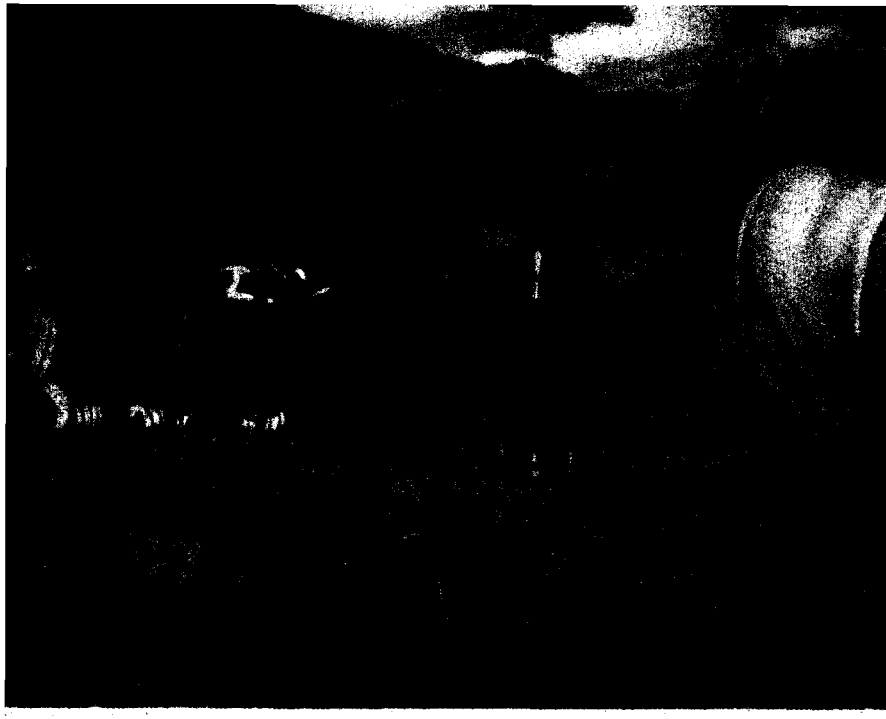

BRIGHAM YOUNG: "This Is the Right Place."

THEIR RELIGION had been scorned from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Memories of bloodshed haunted them. Then Brigham Young dreamed of a Great Basin where the children of his church could live and worship, at peace with all men. He led them westward into a violent wilderness. Men fell behind and women died in the jostling wagons. They reached the foothills of the Rockies and straggled into Fort Bridger, then they pushed on. On July 24, 1847, Brigham Young, burning with mountain fever, propped himself up to gaze across the open valley of the Great Salt Lake. He was seeing tomorrow's crops and the inspiring tabernacle of the children of Zion. He drew a deep breath and whispered: "This is the right place." The hegira was ended. The Mormons had found their Promised Land.

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DOGSLED TO NOME: "Send Antitoxin!"

"SEND ANTITOXIN!" the doctor had wirelessed. Diphtheria—the Black Death—was sweeping his frontier town and in all of Nome, Alaska, there was scarcely a vial of lifesaving serum. But more than 650 miles away, rangy Bill Shannon strapped a 20-pound package to his dogsled and cried, "Mush!" Twelve hours and 60 miles later, he raced into a frost-bound settlement, his clothes crusted with ice. A fresh dog team and driver were there to take the precious burden. And so it went. Lungs ached in the searing cold. Ice heaved and sleds overturned. In the half-light of dawn, February 2, 1925, Gunnar Kassan drove into the stricken city. Eager hands carried the serum to the hospital. But Gunnar Kassan had his arms around the lead dog. "Damn fine dog," he was heard to mutter. "Damn fine dog!"

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STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE: "Is the Doctor in This Village?"

IT HAD BEEN five years since David Livingstone vanished in Africa when Henry M. Stanley led a safari into the interior to look for him. The jungle took its toll from the beginning: rivers forbade passage and fetid swamps clutched at weary feet. Wracked by African fever, Stanley often had to be carried. And wherever he went, there were conflicting reports: Livingstone was dead; he was north, south. They marched deeper into the unknown. By November, they were at Lake Tanganyika, more than 600 miles inside the Dark Continent. There, on November 10, 1871, Stanley found Livingstone. His heart pounded when he saw the aged, stoop-shouldered missionary, but his face was impassive. With classic restraint, Stanley extended his hand and spoke the immortal words: "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

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"The Last Supper" LIVES AGAIN

by MARY THAYER MULLER

Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece has at last been restored to its original splendor

IN THE AIR RAIDS on Milan, Italy, in August, 1943, two bombs fell on the 15th-century church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Fortunately they spared the wall on which is painted one of the most famous and best-loved masterpieces in the world —"The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci.

Not for the first time, however, had this great picture escaped death by a hairsbreadth. Since the first years of its life four centuries ago, it has been in imminent danger—from without and from within.

At the close of the 15th century, the court of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, was one of the most brilliant in Europe. A despotic ruler, usurper, and murderer, Ludovico had also "a taste for all things spiritual" and was a liberal patron of the arts; eminent scholars, doctors, and artists enjoyed his patronage.

The Duke didn't hesitate to put these sages to any use he saw fit. Religious and philosophical debates were often staged as part of the entertainment at the lavish banquets which he loved to give. Astronomers were commanded to predict future events, alchemists to demonstrate their discoveries.

"Tell us something strange and terrible," the ladies would demand. And the great men would perform. If argument grew hot and fights ensued, the company was charmed.

The artists must have spent as much time on the decorations for these parties as on the works of art which have made them famous. There are stories of tremendous centerpieces carved in ice; figures of gods and goddesses made of breasts of chicken; fruits gilded, painted, and perfumed; pastries in the form of forts which, when cut, sounded martial music.

Ludovico's wife, the Duchess Beatrice d'Este, was delighted with these entertainments. Married at 16, she had a childlike love of pleasure. Yet, strangely, she also possessed an uncanny talent for intrigue, and became the Duke's

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accomplice in the maze of political plot and counterplot in which he was continually involved.

The Duke adored her, showered her with gifts—gowns and jewels, mounts for the hunt, jesters, dwarfs, monkeys, poems, and pictures—all that could give her pleasure and amusement. And though he openly maintained several mistresses, it was always Beatrice who was indispensable to him.

INTO THIS ATMOSPHERE of luxury and profligacy came the brilliant young Florentine, Leonardo da Vinci. Painter, musician, architect, philosopher, inventor—the Sforza court was his natural goal. In a famous letter to the Duke, he set forth his qualifications, advertising himself as able to produce anything from war machinery to family portraits. "And in time of peace I think I am equally able as anyone in architecture, in constructing monuments, and in conducting water from one area to another."

Here was just the man Ludovico needed. Leonardo came to Milan and established himself in a lavish house, where he quickly assembled a group of pupils and admirers. It is hard to imagine the inventive genius and energy he possessed; his output of drawings and designs in those next few years is astounding.

Statues and frescoes, fortifications and war machines, a great canal, new plumbing systems, portraits of Beatrice and her children and the beauties of the court are only a few of his achievements. And constantly his more serious concerns were interrupted by demands for decorative novelties—among them a device which made a roasted peacock beat its wings and spread its tail when the platter was brought in, a golden lion which reared on its hind legs and disgorged roses, a huge set of lighted crystal globes which, when revolved, gave forth charming music.

Yet, somehow, Leonardo found time to pursue his own desires. Dear to his heart was the painting of "The Last Supper" in the refectory of the monastery connected with Santa Maria delle Grazie. Here was a problem of double interest, just the sort to appeal to his dual nature as creative artist and technician-craftsman-experimenter.

Deep within him there spoke the call to recreate as never before that tragic moment when Christ called his 12 Apostles together for the last time—to record their reactions to the words that fall from the lips of their Master as He says: "One of you shall betray me."

With the blessing of Ludovico, Leonardo da Vinci set to work. Suddenly and tragically a new impulse was added. Beatrice died, and with her her infant son. The Duke was inconsolable. He built a tomb in the Church of Santa Maria, buried her there in "a leaden casket within a wooden one, the whole enclosed in one of black velvet embroidered with gold."

Now the decoration of Santa Maria became a passion with him. It was his last present to his beloved Beatrice. No pains and expense were to be spared.

Festivals at the court suspended, Leonardo was free to devote himself to the painting. Yet he made slow progress, for to him it was too serious a matter for haste. It is said that he walked the streets and

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squares of the city lost in thought, that he spent hours in prayer. Sometimes he would paint furiously all day, not stopping to eat. At others he would drop in, add a touch to a hand or a face, and go away again.

He was considering the Apostles, pondering each separately—his nature, his probable way of expressing emotion. These, he told himself, were simple men, like those around him. When he sat in a restaurant he watched other diners—how this one used his hands, how that one raised his brows in wonder.

HOW LONG LEONARDO worked on the picture no one knows exactly. But we do know the Prior of the monastery became impatient and wrote the Duke: "Sire, there is only the head of Judas to finish but it is more than a year since he has touched the picture."

The Duke was angry. He sent for the artist, showed him the letter. But Leonardo was angry too.

"Do monks know how to paint?" he retorted. "It's true, I haven't been there. But that doesn't mean I'm not working on the picture. I've been looking for a model for Judas. Every day I go to the Borghetto where all the riffraff live, but until now I couldn't find anyone rascally enough. However, the Prior shall be my model!"

Although he never carried out this threat, he did go back to work. And almost at once the picture became famous, its greatness being hailed not only in Italy but through all Europe.

Was it finished?. That is a matter of conjecture. There are records of the time which suggest that Leonardo was still working on it in 1499 when Louis XII of France descended on Italy and ousted Ludovico from his duchy. The artist was forced to leave Milan.

Louis made a triumphant entry into the city, hailed by the people as a liberator. He made straight for the monastery of Santa Maria to view "The Last Supper." For a long time he stood before the picture. Then he turned to those about him.

"Cut it down," he said, "and carry it to France."

Providentially, Louis' attention was called elsewhere before the destruction could be attempted. But destruction of another sort was soon to begin.

In his slow, painstaking method of working may lie the secret of Leonardo's genius. But certainly it was responsible for the near-destruction of "The Last Supper."

Up to this time, the accepted method of wall painting had been fresco. Fresco is painted on wet plaster, quickly, before the plaster has time to dry. When it does dry, the color dries with it, ensuring permanence of the work. But Leonardo must experiment. He chose a dry wall and painted in tempera, taking his time.

That might have been all right if the wall had stayed dry. But Milan has a damp climate and there was no central heating in those days. The wall began to mold. Gradually a whitish film spread over the picture, dimming the colors. Then, as the wall contracted and expanded in cold and hot seasons, the paint began to fall off.

In 1517, Antonio de Beatis, secretary to the Cardinal of Aragon, noted in his diary that he had seen

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the masterpiece "which is most excellent though it is beginning to decay." In 1568, the historian Vasari reported it was in such bad condition that all one could see was a blur of color.

Then attempts were made to save it, but these proved fruitless. Even the monks, who lived with it, must have thought it hopeless. In 1652, when they wanted a larger door in that end of the refectory, they cut through the picture, eliminating the Savior's legs.

In the 18th century, the cry was heard that "The Last Supper" was dying. The great painters of the time rallied to the rescue. An Italian, Bellotti, claimed to have discovered a secret formula. After some retouching, he covered the surface with oil, hoping to make the paint amalgamate. The oil collected dirt. The colors were further obscured.

In 1770, Guiseppe Mazza cleaned off what he could of Bellotti's mistakes and tried another method. It didn't work.

In 1796, Napoleon took Milan. Like Louis XII, his eagerness to see "The Last Supper" brought him straight to the monastery. He was immensely impressed and gave orders that no harm was to be done to the refectory. But the order was not respected. Troops tossed brickbats at the heads of the Apostles. The scars remain.

But the greatest damage came from some of the painting's would-be rescuers. One tried to stick down the curled scales of paint with glue, which caused further blistering and crumbling.

In the early 1900s, a commission was appointed to study the matter, and now came a glimmer of hope. The Italian painter, Cavenaghi, achieved a solution of lacquer which slowed the flaking. But, more important, he heated the back of the wall, and gradually the mold began to disappear.

After Cavenaghi, the work was continued by Silvestri up to the beginning of World War II. Then all hope of continuing the restoration had to be abandoned. The wall was banked with sandbags, and for three years it stood thus, covered and unheated.

The bombs fell. Side walls of the building were blown away. The sandbag cover was open to rain and wind. What was happening underneath none could say: even though the wall survived the bombing, the picture might be destroyed. And there was the chance that when the bags were removed the unsupported wall might collapse.

The perilous task of removing the bags fell to a young architect, Clemente Bernasconi. Even now he pales at the remembrance.

"If the wall had collapsed," he says, "the bombing would have been forgotten. *I* would have gone down in history as the man who destroyed 'The Last Supper.'"

The removal took five days. Carefully, inch by inch, the fallen beams were raised. Each bag was opened, the sand allowed to seep out slowly. The wall still stood.

The covering of the picture was removed just in time. The ruinous white mold was back. Cracking and scaling had recommenced.

But the rooms and roof had to be rebuilt before restoration of the picture could begin. Then new heating pipes were laid at a certain distance

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from the wall on each side, to keep the front and back at the same constant temperature. This ended the shrinkage and expanding, stopped curling of the paint.

The delicate job of work on the picture itself fell to Prof. Mario Pellicioli, "The Wizard" of the Central Restoration Institute. He had earned his nickname through his work on other famous masterpieces suffering from decay.

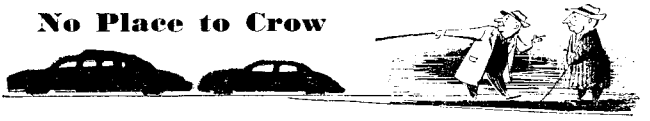
Pellicioli set to work, using a colorless, de-waxed lacquer. He sprayed it on in a fine vapor, "injected" it, worked it in slowly with long, soft brushes until it was incorporated with the paint. At last his patient effort was rewarded. The end which had been sought for hundreds of years was finally attained—the color was "fixed."

But the Wizard was not through. To stop the deterioration wasn't enough. To bring back the picture to something of its original glory became Pellicioli's aim. Some of the dimness and obscurity are already being removed. There is a decided improvement now, and the possibility of uncovering some details that have lain hidden for centuries.

One small section of surface he has left untouched, so that you can see the state of the picture before he began work on it. In contrast, the colors of the rest of the picture look rich and glowing.

Today, the beloved masterpiece is in better condition than it has been for hundreds of years. Due to Pellicioli's careful efforts, "The Last Supper" at last is saved.

No Place to Crow



"WELL, IF IT ISN'T old stick-in-the-mud George! Must be two years since I saw you last. Lots of good things have happened to me in that time. See that 1950 car at the curb? That's mine. Yep, I got a good job and I'm pulling down big dough. Anything new with you?"

"Nothing much."

"Still the same old stick-in-the-mud, eh?"

"Just about."

"Ha, ha!—married yet?"

"Yes. Just a year."

"Well, that's something. I didn't think any girl who could see straight—ha, ha—would be able to see you. Living with your in-laws, I suppose?"

"No. Bought a house."

"Bought a house! Why that's big news, old man! Where'd you get the dough? Borrow it?"

"No. Earned it. I've got my own little business."

"Say, I didn't know that! But tell me, what do you need a whole house for, George—just you and the wife?"

"We have children."

"Children—plural?"

"Yes. Twins. Boy and a girl."

"Georgie, you are a card! Telling me there's nothing new . . . Which way you going, old friend? As I said, that 1950 sedan at the curb is mine. I'll give you a lift."

"Thanks, but that 1951 convertible behind your 1950 sedan is mine." —*Wall Street Journal*

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by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

America's factories are encouraging and sponsoring all kinds of sports programs

AT THE NORTH AMERICAN Aviation factory in Inglewood, California, is one of the most remarkable organizations in the world—the North American Flying Horsemen, a group of city-dwelling office clerks, shop foremen, purchasing agents, engineers, and other employees who have welded themselves into as brilliant a collection of equestrians as can be found anywhere.

The Horsemen, as a drill team, perform many of the difficult maneuvers and stunts of their two famous models, the British Lancers Regiments and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. At practically every horse show or riding meet in which this troop competes, it trots off with a major trophy. Yet some of its members had never ridden before coming to California.

An unusual form of recreation for employees? Perhaps so. But factory workers these days are going in for all sorts of recreational activities—not only with the hearty approval of their employers but, in most cases, under their sponsorship.

More than 18,000 U.S. industrial and business firms conduct some form of leisure-time employee recreation, ranging from a noon-hour horseshoe tournament at a small machine shop to a program like North American's, which includes virtually every sport.

Many of these firms learned during World War II that such programs relieve the monotony of work, reduce absenteeism, and increase production. They learned, too, that a sincere interest in what an employee does after 5 o'clock makes him feel that the company is concerned with more than just getting a day's work out of him. This interest pays off in higher morale and better labor relations.

Not long ago, a strike was averted in a Midwestern factory when the company president and the union president, who had competed in a fly-casting contest a few weeks before, sat down and negotiated as old friends. The union president, incidentally, won both contests.

The North American program,

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even with its Flying Horsemen, is only typical of what is being done in all branches of industry. In Rochester, New York, probably the busiest place in town is the new seven-story, $4,500,000 building which is recreation headquarters for Eastman Kodak employees. On a typical evening, the spacious gymnasium floor may be teeming with action—a shuttlecock being batted back and forth across a badminton net, a spirited game of volleyball, a paddle-tennis match, and perhaps some shuffleboard and quoits along the side lines.

The rest of the building may soon be just as busy—swimmers splashing through the lighted pool, the 16 bowling alleys resounding to the crash of flying pins, potential sharpshooters blazing away in a soundproof rifle range. The squash and handball courts may be the scene of furious competition, while in the auditorium, or perhaps on the roof garden, square dancers will be swinging their partners.

The International Business Machines Country Club at Endicott, New York, is one of the most luxurious in the country. Spread over its beautifully landscaped 800 acres are two golf courses, a swimming pool, tennis courts, picnic groves, complete winter sports facilities including ski tow—all told, 25 different activities in which 10,000 IBM employee-members can take part. The main room at the clubhouse can accommodate 1,000 for dinner or 1,600 for dancing.

WICHITA, KANSAS, is another community which takes its industrial athletics seriously. Each winter, it cheers the hectic goings-on of its tough little Ice Hockey League, made up of employee teams representing three local firms—Beech Aircraft, Boeing Airplane Company, and the Mt. Hope Nursery.

The idea of vacation resorts for workers is also beginning to take hold. The Avondale Mills maintains a fishing camp at Panama City, Florida, where workers pay only a nominal fee. Pittsburgh Plate Glass and Scovill Manufacturing Company are developing private lakes, which at present are available for week ends. The Ford Motor Company is readying a yacht club at Grosse Ile, Michigan, for its employees.

There doesn't seem to be any limit to the type of activity a plant recreation director will encourage, provided there is a demand for it. Thus Fairchild Aircraft has a weight-lifting team; the Simpson Logging Company, a salmon derby; J. I. Case, a 10-team dart-throwing league. Most programs make provision for employees' families. The Riegel Paper Corporation of Milford, New Jersey, conducts a summer day camp for younger children. The GMC Truck and Coach Division picnics usually draw 30,000, mostly family. "Old River," the National Cash Register employees' play area in Dayton, is designed for family use, with a two-mile boating lagoon, wading pond, children's playground, outdoor fireplaces, and a swimming pool.

Many firms are making even wider use of such facilities. They are sharing them with their local communities and, in some cases, are turning them over outright—on the theory that an industry owes more to a town than just jobs. For ex-

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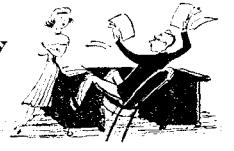
ample, in 1949 the high-school football team in Rossville, Georgia, opened its season in a new 8,000-seat stadium, built by the town's leading industry, the Peerless Woolen Mills. The stadium and a new softball field are the first units of a recreation project designed for joint use by Rossville students and adults and Peerless employees. A field house, running track, baseball diamond, and other sports facilities will follow. A foundation run by local citizens will direct the project.

Probably the most outstanding industry-community program in the country is that of the West Point Manufacturing Company and the five Alabama towns in which its textile mills are situated. The company makes itself responsible for the recreational activities and general welfare of the 25,000 inhabitants of the area, known as "The Valley." Every possible facility is provided for every age group and interest—from tots in sandboxes to elderly ladies who limit their athletic endeavors to quilting parties. Each town has lighted play fields, swimming pools, gymnasiums, tennis courts, croquet lawns, and dozens of other game areas, which are always thronged. Person for person, "The Valley's" population is one of the most athletically inclined to be found anywhere, and it is this tradition of wholesome activity which may account for its excellent health and longevity record.

This enormous activity in sports is already producing tangible results in one direction—the breeding of new champions. For one, Emerson MacKenzie, wearing the colors of North American Aviation in an industrial track meet, established an unofficial world's record in the javelin throw.

Of far greater importance, however, is the fact that millions of people who never had the opportunity before are now getting a chance to play—thanks to the way industrial recreation is taking hold all over the country.

Family Finance



Joint bank accounts prove that wives are quick on the draw.
—*Wall Street Journal*

Many a husband would be satisfied if he had the income his wife hopes the neighbors think he has. —*London Opinion*

The average husband considers himself entirely out of debt when he owes money only on his car and his doctor bills. —*Pipe Dreams*

A bank is a place where a husband makes allowances for his wife's shortages. —HELEN CASTLE

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OUR WOUNDED
Win a Home Battle

by TONY SCOTT SMITH

Despite politics and false economy, they are getting first-rate hospital care

KOREAN SNOW swirled around the lanky form of Army PFC Randy Ruggers when the Red machine guns went into action. The 21-year-old soldier from Indiana stopped his weary trudging over the frozen terrain and shook away the dizziness and nausea which blurred his vision.

The Red guards had barked an order to halt. Before his benumbed senses had grasped the meaning, the staccato guns began cutting down row upon row of his gaunt, weary comrades—all of them defenseless American prisoners.

Fatigue and misery seemed to rob Ruggers of fear. In those first moments, he awaited his turn with resignation born of the thought that here—at last—was relief from brutal treatment at the hands of his North Korean captors. But at the final instant his deep-rooted reflex of self-preservation asserted itself and Ruggers threw himself on the ground as .50-calibre bullets raked his line of march.

The massacre ended a seemingly endless trek by the American prisoners. Ruggers and his companions had lost count of the days. Many had died on the march. But death bothered their Red captors no more than the swirling of a snowflake.

As consciousness ebbed, Ruggers had a fleeting vision of the Red Koreans laughing at him. Then he passed out.

All but a handful of the 300-odd Americans died in that brutal butchery. The GI from Indiana was one of the "lucky 21" who survived. Another body had fallen over him and the bayoneting that followed the gunfire missed him.

When help reached the scene, Ruggers was dragged from the pile by a sharp-eyed Army medic who noticed a spark of life. Quickly, gently, the "Doc" laid Ruggers' limp form on the lumpy ground, then jammed his rifle into the earth and hung a plasma bottle on it. Within seconds, the life-giving fluid was running into Ruggers' veins.

When the youth from Indiana was sufficiently aroused, "Doc" obliterated his pain with morphine, which kept the patient mercifully unconscious during the jostling stretcher trip to the nearest aid station. In less than an hour, Ruggers was on the second leg of his evacuation trip, this time in an Army truck headed for an airstrip from which care-worn pilots took off on endless trips to Japan, carrying the

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more critically wounded from the Korean war.

Before the day was out, at the Army hospital in Osaka, the "Death March" survivor was resting between immaculate sheets. Army doctors had examined, catalogued, and dressed his wounds. Six bullets had mutilated his right shoulder, and as many more had torn into his left arm and left it limp.

When next Ruggers awakened, a smiling nurse was bending over him. "You'll be fine," she remarked calmly. "Six foot, aren't you? How much did you weigh?"

"197 pounds," Ruggers grinned through his pain.

The nurse looked at the chart. 118 pounds! But she didn't tell him. Instead, she checked on the diet prescribed to build him up.

A pleasant drowsiness overcame Ruggers. He was cared for in style: no American could ask for more. For the entire "Operation Medic," from the moment "Doc" had noticed the youth's irregular breathing, had been streamlined to a single objective—ease his pain, bind his wounds, make him whole again.

To achieve it, the critically understaffed Medical Corps had written their own epic of heroism and sacrifice. Thousands of Army buddies of Ruggers had benefited by the same swift, efficient service. "Save lives"—that had become the American motto.

Examination convinced the Osaka doctors that Ruggers would not be able to return to duty in the 120 days the Army allotted for treatment in Japan. Besides, the casualties from Korea were piling up. So it was determined to return Ruggers to the U. S. for special treatment at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, the hospital nearest his home. The facilities there—the physicians assumed—would be much better for his recovery!

Just as tenderly and efficiently as Ruggers had been carried to Osaka, so was he placed inside a specially devised transoceanic transport—and in less than 13 days from the time he was wounded he was winging over his native country.

Ruggers suddenly found his eyes dimming when the copilot announced the plane was over American soil. He was not ashamed, nor were any of the others in the plane.

"What a country!" one of the boys murmured.

Soon Ruggers and his companions reached Camp Atterbury, breathing prayers of thanks. Ruggers was overwhelmed by gratitude and thankful to be back in his wonderful homeland.

What he did not know—and what, thanks to a noble conspiracy of silence by worried doctors and nurses, he never learned—was that at this very crucial moment, his beloved country had failed him!

THE WORRY, secret and suppressed, that gnawed at the hearts of the doctors and nurses at Atterbury was due to an elementary cause: *They lacked the fine tools of their trade.* Answering the call of duty, they had left their civilian calling and, at great personal sacrifice, had donned uniforms to save the lives of boys who had been wounded fighting for their country. But when they came to the Army hospital they were shocked beyond belief.

What made the cup more bitter was that this same institution dur-

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ing World War II (then known as Wakeman General Hospital) had attained a magnificent reputation as one of the finest in the country. Its equipment had been the envy of many a private medical center. But when the doctors arrived in 1950, the buildings yawned at them as if at intruders. The hospital had been dismantled.

The history of this tragic error went back to a scant five months before the outbreak in Korea, and responsibility for it lay on the top-level policy makers of the Department of Defense. It was top-level politics, too, indulged by the then-Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson and the man he had installed as director of the Defense Medical Services, Dr. Richard Meiling, formerly of the Ohio State University College of Medicine.

Johnson had stepped into office with a broom in hand, a broom labeled "Economy." Apparently mesmerized by any scheme that promised savings in the defense establishment, Johnson went along with Dr. Meiling's plan, wherein the U. S. soldier became a statistic in a bookkeeping operation rather than a human life worthy of saving at any cost.

Johnson proceeded to slash military hospital beds by more than 8,000 and boasted a potential saving of $25,000,000. He ordered the lights put out at renowned Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek; at Valley Forge General Hospital; at Murphy General Hospital in Waltham, Mass.; at Oliver General Hospital in Augusta. He reduced the bed capacity of general hospitals at Fort Bliss, Texas; Fort Lewis, Washington; and Fort Monroe, Virginia. The order also hit six Navy hospitals, closing two of the largest in California, at Mare Island and Long Beach. And Air Force hospitals in San Antonio and Denver were reduced to dispensary status.

The blind economy was not swallowed willingly: reaction was stirred even among conservatives in Congress. Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, Democrat from South Carolina, chairman of the Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee in charge of hospitals, traveled 7,000 miles, inspected hospitals Johnson had stripped, listened to 100 witnesses, and warned: "We are destroying all the hospital reserve which could be used in an emergency. The Defense chiefs are breaking faith on a long list of promises to America's soldiers."

Rivers' outcries were ignored. The protests of veterans, doctors, citizens residing in the areas of the affected hospitals went unheeded. Even the Korean war failed to stop the program of reduction. Johnson and Meiling patently gambled that the trouble in the Far East would be a short-lived "police action."

Officials in the Veterans Administration stepped into the breach when Korean casualties started to flow in. They offered to clear 5,000 beds of neurotics and patients with nonservice disabilities, to accommodate the wounded heroes. The plan was rejected on a thin technicality. Red tape demanded that a hero could not enter a veterans' hospital unless he was first discharged by the Army. And the boys coming back from Korea were still in the Army!

The one general hospital east of

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the Mississippi which Johnson and Meiling had left untouched, Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., became so overcrowded that a medical officer commented bitterly: "The casualties were so numerous, they were hanging from the light fixtures."

FORTUNATELY for the morale of PFC Ruggers, he knew nothing of the ragtag conditions when he arrived at Atterbury. The medical attendant and nurse helped him to bed and he fell asleep. He did not know that this bed may have been a cot of World War I vintage. Nor did scores of other GI's with broken bones know that these nonadjustable cots were dangerous to them.

But the doctors and nurses knew. They had four fracture-beds and had ordered 100 more, but the cots showed up instead. Sadly they placed plywood under the mattresses as a makeshift to reduce the harsh strain on the patients.

If ever the genius of American improvisation came to the forefront, it was at Atterbury. The same situation obtained in other Army hospitals that had been stripped. With whatever equipment the medics had on hand, they implemented, they devised, they invented ways of performing today's modern medical techniques.

For weeks, the doctors were without a fracture table (on which bones are set more accurately and easily). A small civilian hospital about 20 miles away possessed one; they arranged to borrow it frequently. On Thanksgiving Day, not to spoil the attendants' day off, the doctors drove an Army truck to the hospital, loaded the 600-pound table onto it, and trundled it to Atterbury.

The doctors found a shortage of traction equipment, while the fixation apparatus which holds bones together as they knit was obsolescent. Accustomed in civilian practice to the latest types of electric saws and modern bone forceps for precision modeling of human bones, they shaped the bones fractured in Korea with chisels. Back home they had used a wide variety of specialized equipment to hold broken pieces together; now they resorted to plaster casts.

The doctors borrowed drugs from neighboring hospitals to aid in administering anesthesia. They called for equipment from their own offices to plug the shortages. They spent precious hours replenishing needles and sutures. Even the splendid X-ray machines, which had been the pride of Wakeman, were gone. In their place stood two old-fashioned pieces of equipment, with not enough film hangers.

Atterbury's almost-perfect record of achievement under great odds speaks for itself. A veteran Army nurse put it tersely: "The doctors say they have been lucky. I know differently. They combined skill and courage."

But of all the testimonials to the devotion of the medical personnel, none is more eloquent than the visible change in the GI who was left for dead in snow-covered Korea. Ruggers is on the mend, his wounds responding to the ministrations which in the early days at Atterbury seemed miraculous. He and his comrades never knew on what makeshift devices their recovery depended.

The 79 pounds which Ruggers

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lost through starvation and exposure are returning. He still is being fed five times a day. The color is back in his cheeks and the sparkle in his eyes. A look at Ruggers, impatient to resume life among the defense workers of the country, is evidence that the head-scratching, overtime work, and tension of the medical staff paid off.

Thanks to the gallant doctors, the U. S. has not let Ruggers and his comrades down after all. And on the mend, too, are the blind economy and delay which brought near-calamity to our heroes.

The order which inactivated the Army hospitals has been rescinded. Valley Forge is operating at capacity, its 1,800 beds filled. Percy Jones has become the center for treatment of severe frostbite and frozen limbs sustained in Korea. Murphy General has reopened, and facilities at post and station hospitals ha[illegible] restored and expanded.

Congressman Rivers cites [illegible] safeguards against any future betrayal of the nation's wounded. "Never again will we allow red tape, political ambitions, or pressures to let our boys down. No administrative technicality should ever block the VA from clearing beds and facilities for our soldiers in an emergency.

"But above all, this country never again should deal niggardly with its military hospitals. I'm sure the American taxpayer would be willing to have a small part of his money go to maintain reserve hospital beds —since they represent insurance on the lives of our fighting men."

Note: The real name of PFC "Ruggers" and some of his personal characteristics have been disguised to avoid embarrassment to him and his family.—THE EDITORS

Basic Training

MOST RECENT census figures are not available, but we estimate there are 15 million dogs in the U. S. If two million families start a puppy each year, and the families average four persons, that means some eight million people are deeply interested in dog training.

To this we can safely add another eight million who ought to be. Our neighbor on our right, for instance. He's a late stayer-upper, and at 1 A.M. each morning lets Buster out for his last run. Buster has a voice halfway between a moose's love call and a fire siren; and good old Buster uses it for about five minutes.

The fundamental principle of dog training is easy—as all doggy folks know. Beginners, however, have to go through a regular ritual. They get books on dog training from the library; they subscribe to dog journals; they ask questions of anyone who will listen. Basically, there is no problem about it. Get a good smart dog. Let him appropriate a corner of your heart. After that, you simply do what the dog wants you to, and everything will go along smoothly.

—*Wall Street Journal*

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SILVER

IT WAS TO BE my first Mother's Day with my stepsons. I wanted the boys, aged four, six, and seven, to have white carnations to wear in memory of their own mother, and took them with me to the florist in the city, a 21-mile drive from our country parsonage.

As I made my purchase, the oldest boy asked, "Mother, what are the pink ones for that people are buying?"

"Pink carnations are worn in honor of the living mothers, dear," I told him, "the white ones are in memory."

The boys seemed unusually quiet on the way home, but I didn't think much about it as I put the car away and sat down to some mending. Soon the oldest boy came quietly into the room and laid his head on my shoulder. I put my arm around him and waited.

"Mother," he began a little hesitantly, "you said pink carnations were for the living mothers—in their honor."

"That's right, dear."

"Well then, we've decided that if we can't wear a pink one we won't wear a white one!"

Taking his hand in mine and gathering up my other two boys, I hurried out to the car and drove back to the city.

The next morning three little fellows sat proudly beside me, a pink and white carnation in each coat lapel, listening to their father as he preached our first Mother's Day sermon. —IRENE DELEON LOVE

"I CAME IN TO SEE your shop," she said brightly, as she stepped into our little jewelry store on a sunny afternoon recently. This remark had been made by so many as they entered that I would have thought little of it, except that this lady carried a white cane, the emblem of the blind!

But that fact was not mentioned as I proceeded to show and describe to her the lovely stones we kept in our private collection, including a pair of Black Swans in agate. As her fingers caressed the surface of each, her face lit up with a glorious expression of appreciation of its beauty as she saw it in her mind's eye. Her favorite was a cluster of large amethyst crystals in their natural shapes of six sides, and she lingered over them for some time.

When we came to the cactus gardens in rock-trimmed containers, I warned her not to touch the cacti as they would prick her. "Oh, they won't if I don't want them to," she said and proceeded to "see"

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them as she had seen everything else. The cacti did not prick her once, her touch was so gentle.

We spent a happy and fascinating two hours, seeing the shop together, and I felt that I was seeing it with new eyes and deeper appreciation through her. As she left, her parting remark was, "I've seen so many beautiful things today, I can go home and see them over and over again!"

I couldn't help but envy her, for she could shut out the ugly things in life and see only the beautiful things she wanted to see. —Lois E. Reese

MY HUSBAND AND I were driving home to Burlington, Vermont. It had rained terribly hard all day, and it was almost midnight when the car skidded into a deep muddy ditch. After trying every conceivable way to get it out, I suggested we go to the farmhouse down the road. We felt conscience-stricken at waking anyone at such a late hour, especially a farmer, and thought we'd probably be met with an angry, "What do you want?"

A little old man answered our knock, and when my husband explained our predicament, graciously ushered us into the sitting room and said: "I'll be with you in a moment, make yourselves at home."

In no time he was back with his pleasant white-haired wife. She insisted we have a cup of coffee while her husband readied the team. We were so amazed that we could merely stammer, "Thanks."

In 30 minutes my husband and the farmer were back with the car. When my husband offered to pay for the service, the farmer smiled and said, "It is seldom we have the opportunity to help others. Why should we take pay for something that gives us pleasure?"

My faith in the generosity and kindness of people reached a new "high" that night, and I will never forget the genuine happiness of that wonderful old couple.

We have become fast friends over the years, and my husband and I always take some appropriate gift whenever we visit them.

—Mrs. Mildred Baker

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifted your spirits, renewed your faith in mankind, proved to you that people are still essentially kind and decent and generous? Why not send it along for "Silver Linings"? For each accepted story, we will pay $50, upon publication. All contributions must be typewritten, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address stories to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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Picture Story

APPOMATTOX

by MacKinlay Kantor

IT WAS BEGINNING to grow dark, and mothers called to their children. "Tom-meee! Sal-leee! Time for bed!" There were soldiers scattered all over this Virginia village. Sentries stood close to the porch of the little hotel, where the General sat in a rocking chair.

The General received many dispatches, and sent more messages to his far-flung divisions, stretched like bumpy snakes along every road in the region.

Through this town of Farmville, one corps of the army made its way in the April dusk, regiment after regiment, veterans all. They did not look like the smart-alec recruits they had been when they left their home towns—when local bands played *Hail, Columbia* and girls stood squealing under lacy parasols.

The troops had struggled in the line south of Richmond through chilly weeks of a dawning spring; there they had won a victory. The Confederates were now in flight; these boys in dirty blue uniforms were after them.

Flight and pursuit—if you can

From **Lee and Grant at Appomattox**, by MacKinlay Kantor. Copyright 1950 by the author and published by Random House, Inc., 457 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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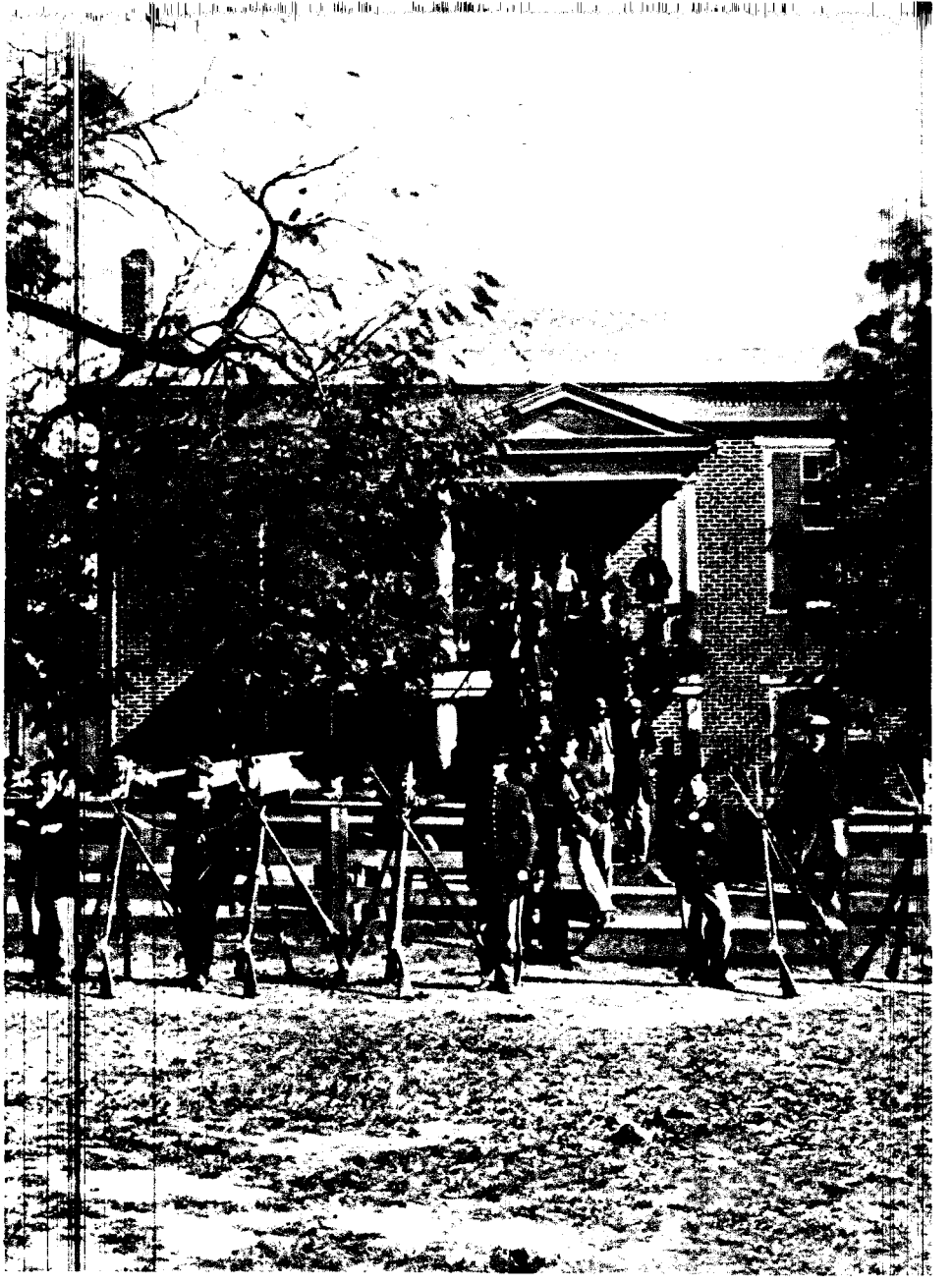

The Yankee conquerors stand guard before old Appomattox Courthouse.

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General Grant examines terrain that shortly before had been a battlefield.

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call it that. No one was actually running, most of the time. Half-starved men in gray, the remnants of the Confederacy, stumbled and strode toward the west across Virginia's clay ridges.

The Confederates moved aside to kneel behind each clump of thin green leaves, each tangle of bleached fence rails; to poke their rifles through underbrush and wait until the approach of Yankee brigades. Then there would be the scattered peppery fire of pickets, falling back on the main advance.

Each time the enemies slapped out with their fire, some boys would be left sprawled amid the weeds. The soldiers in stained gray would rise and take up their blistered retreat again.

Once in a while some tense youngster of this shabby rear guard —not too beaten down by lack of food, by endless hours of stamping along rutted roads—might puff the air out of his lungs and blow it from his throat in a high-pitched screech to be taken up by the others. "Whoooooo . . ."

But now, no matter how the yell screeched, it was the gasp of a dying army—a broken, hungry, scabby pageant that dissolved hour by hour. A man can fight without food for a long time—thousands of them were doing it—but you can't fight without ammunition. Always the ragged throngs would continue west, west, forever west . . .

Back in Farmville, a sturdy man (whose last permanent address was Galena, Illinois, and whose most recent civilian occupation was that of clerk in his brother's harness store) sat solemnly chewing a cigar as he watched his soldiers stringing through the gloom. He was tired, he was thinking. His staff grouped at the other end of the porch, chatting in low tones, glancing now and then toward their general.

Another officer, one of a company passing at that moment, recognized the dusty figure. The lieutenant saluted quickly, and then dropped back to speak to a friend. "Yes, that's him—there on the porch! It's the old man . . . yes . . . Grant."

Some of the younger soldiers, weary as they were from a week of frantic chasing and battling, began to cheer. Other voices took it up. "Grant! Grant! . . . Yoo-hoo, Ulysses! . . . Hey, Daddy! Here I am." With the ringing sarcasm that young Americans always bring to the grim activity of conflict, they hallooed through the dusk.

There was every reason in the world for the troops to rejoice. The boys had fought a war; now it was nearly won. They had driven the enemy out of Petersburg, they had chased the graybacks all week.

This was Friday, the 7th of April, 1865. It wouldn't be long now. Everybody knew it . . . Confederate stragglers crouched abjectly in the barnyards; the main army of the Secesh was only a little way ahead. Young men gabbed happily . . . the war would soon be over.

ABOUT THREE MILES from this village, beyond the disordered rifle flashes of the farthest Union advance, Gen. Robert E. Lee sat in a farmhouse. The Confederate leader was spent and grim. He could feel his once-proud Army of North Virginia breaking apart.

The solemn discomfort of a tired,

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The Union commander's favorite horse was a deep-chested charger named Cincinnati.

ravaged land rose in the evening like a mist from trampled fodder. Wagons with no cargoes, pouches in which only half a dozen paper-wrapped cartridges lay loosely . . . exhaustion . . . hunger, hunger: always that. No biscuits to chew while marching, no pork to toast on the ramrod's tip.

At no other moment in American history might there have been such contrast between opposing commanders: Grant and Lee, preparing for a few hours of rest—only three miles apart.

Grant could never have been counted a success until this war came along. He was the son of a tannery owner in Galena, Illinois, who had taken pride in Grant's appointment to the U. S. Military Academy, who had suffered grief at witnessing the ruin of his son's Army career when he was forced in 1854 to resign his commission.

It was whiskey that caused *that*, declared the gossips in Grant's home neighborhood. They looked at him with scorn when he came back to the Midwest, his career blasted, and attempted to maintain his wife and children through various ill-starred commercial ventures.

The spring of 1861 found Grant little better than a man living on a pension. But he was grimly de-

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At the end, there were only weary and tattered Confederate prisoners.

termined to serve in this war: he said as much, in a letter to Washington. But the authorities there ignored his letter.

Grant sat for a time in an office at the State Capitol, making out military forms. At length, the colonel of an Illinois volunteer regiment resigned in disgust; he declared his men were a ruffianly crew. Grant was offered the post.

There are ways of training even the most rebellious soldiers, and Grant knew the ways. Before long he was commanding a brigade, then a division.

He campaigned along the Mississippi for nearly three years. He captured forts considered impregnable, he broke up whole Confederate armies. Lincoln said, long before he ever set eyes on Grant, "I like that man. He fights."

Except perhaps for the strange dignity of silence, Lee resembled his opponent in no way whatsoever. Lee's people were not storekeepers; they were aristocrats. His father was Light-Horse Harry Lee, a dashing general who won fame in the Revolutionary War. His wife was a daughter of George Washington Parke Curtis, Martha Washington's own grandchild.

The Lees had always lived in aloof elegance. Robert E. distin-

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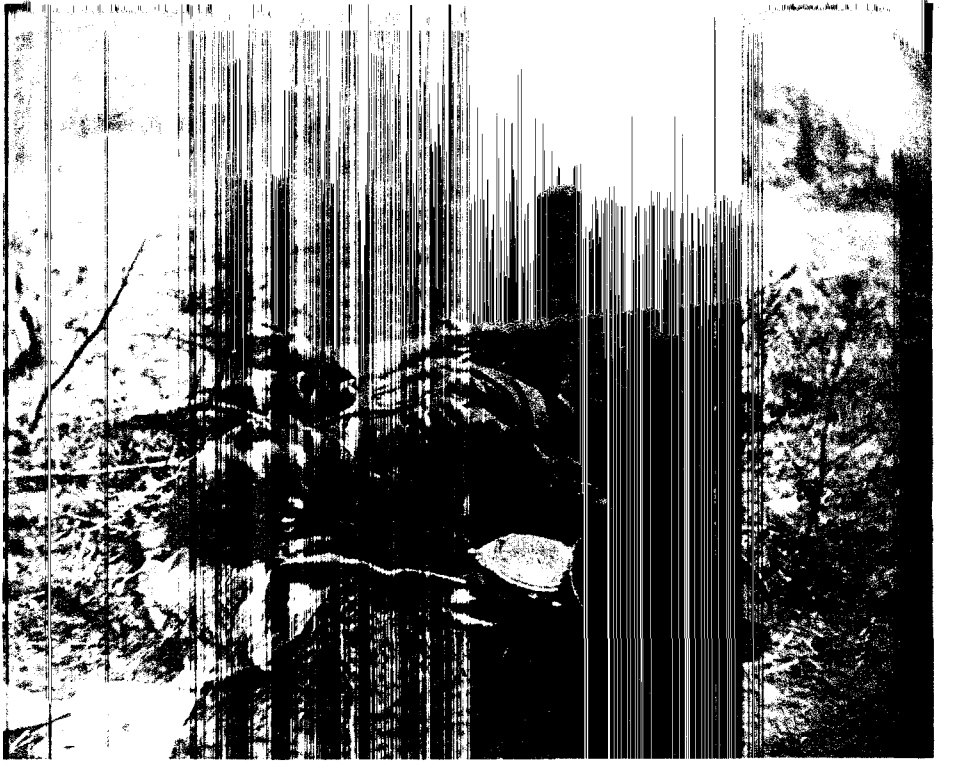

On the way to Appomattox, Rebel riflemen died in field and thicket.

guished himself as the years went by. For some time he was superintendent of that same academy at West Point where Grant struggled to maintain himself as a cadet. During the war with Mexico, Lee served on the staff of Gen. Winfield Scott, the U.S. commander.

When states of the South began to secede, the command of the Union forces was offered to Lee of Virginia—still a colonel in the Regular Army. He was faced with a grievous decision: loyalty to his state, or loyalty to his nation?

He chose to go with his state, and fought intently through the four unhappy years that followed. He commanded the Army of Northern Virginia—largest Confederate army in the East—through the great share of its successes and failures. Now he had been given supreme command of all Confederate forces in the field.

Already you know what Grant looked like; but let your eyes brighten as they witness the grave magnificence of Lee—"Marse Robert," as his troops called him affectionately. He had been born 58 years before; yet he stood six feet tall with scarcely a stoop of his fine shoulders. His face was handsome, refined; his beard and hair were silver. You could imagine him in the wars of

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long ago, in polished armor. This was the man who lingered in a farmhouse north of the Appomattox River valley, where a few guns still slammed in the night. His enemy had already gone to rest in the Farmville hotel. An aide escorted the tired General Grant to a poorly furnished room.

"This room, sir," whispered the orderly, "they tell me Lee slept here last night."

ULYSSES GRANT lay staring into the darkness. He thought about the note he had dispatched to Lee late in the afternoon. He wondered how Lee would receive it, and what reply he would make.

When generals exchange letters, the letters are written in a very stiff form. So let us cut through the high-sounding phrases and reduce them to simplicity.

April 7th, 1865

General Lee:

You are beaten. Brave and determined as you are, there is no sense in your fighting longer against such odds. I think it is my duty to let you surrender your army peaceably, if you will. Let us stop all this senseless killing.

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General

This message was carried under a flag of truce through the lines . . . men in blue galloping close, waving their white flag . . . crouching Confederates lowering their guns . . . the folded paper passed from hand to hand . . . the two parties separating, galloping back to their own positions . . .

Lee was conferring with General Longstreet, one of his most able followers. Lee received the note and held it close to the lamp. His expression did not change. Without a word he passed the paper. Longstreet read it and handed it back.

"Not yet," he said, seeming to realize his chief would refuse to surrender at the first demand.

Lee was reluctant to act immediately. Couldn't there be arranged a general treaty of peace, covering perhaps not only those thousands of tired men in Virginia but also those other thousands? What about Johnston, in Carolina? What about Dick Taylor down South, and Kirby Smith, away out west across the Mississippi?

Lee produced a sheet of cheap note paper, and wrote to Grant.

General:

I do not quite agree with you that the Confederate cause is lost, but I agree in your wish to stop the needless killing of brave men. What terms will you give if I agree to surrender?

R. E. Lee, General

It was after midnight before Lee's reply reached that bleak hotel room in Farmville. Grant read it: he would wait until morning and again send a note to the enemy lines.

April 8th, 1865

General:

There is only one thing you have to do. Surrender your troops, with the agreement that they shall not fight us any more. I will be glad to meet you any place you say, or I will send officers to meet any officers sent by you, to arrange this matter.

U. S. Grant, Lieutenant General

Next morning, the sun shone warm and yellow, as if trying to soothe the Army of Northern Virginia. But a lot of rain had fallen a few days before; most of the roads were quagmires. Wagons, cannon, caissons—these were abandoned each hour.

For a moment, however, the Con-

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federates seemed outdistancing their pursuers. Many portions of the army had traveled by night; thus on Saturday they were not too severely punished by volleys from the Yankees clinging along the rear of the runaway columns. It was quiet now for an hour or two at a time; no bullets whining overhead, no spatter of revolvers along intersecting roads.

The second letter sent by Grant overtook Lee on Saturday evening. It was so dark that a colonel had to light a candle in order for his commander to read the paper.

No, no—not yet. No surrender so complete! There might still be an opportunity to make terms for other Confederate armies in the field. Lee wrote his second reply accordingly, and sent it away on through the night.

Lee's soul ached. Grant's head was a throbbing misery. Nowadays we might call it migraine—one of those nerve-racking, bullying tortures that rule the whole body. All afternoon, as he rode in the sun, Grant jolted in his agony. And at dusk, he and his military family turned to a farmhouse for shelter.

Grant sat on a couch and held hands against his splitting head.

"General, you *must* have some treatment for that."

"It'll be all right."

He was lying down with a wet cloth on his head, at midnight, when Lee's second reply arrived.

General:

You must be mistaken—I was not proposing to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia. I merely wanted to know what terms you offered. I do not believe it is yet necessary for me to surrender this army. Still I should like to meet with you. What about 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, on the old stage road near here, between the lines of our two armies?

R. E. Lee, General

About 4 A.M., Col. Horace Porter slipped in to look after the General. Grant was gone. Porter went searching in the yard. There was Grant, pacing through the moonlight, unable even now to rest.

At dawn, Grant felt better, and sent his reply to Lee, accepting the invitation to talk.

Lee had camped in the woods only two miles from Appomattox Courthouse. Like the Federal Commander, he and his staff were without wagons, but for quite a different reason. Yankee cavalry had pressed so furiously upon the column a few days before that Lee's party was compelled to destroy or abandon the bulk of their baggage.

Naturally each man saved his best uniform to wear. Thus they were clad in elegance—most of them in handsome new uniforms—saved heretofore for important military ceremonies . . . saved—who knows? —perhaps for a victorious parade when the Northern hordes were finally driven from the "sacred soil."

They sat around a fire of fence rails, they had few blankets. During the night, Lee instructed certain of his troops to try to cut their way through the Federal forces in the west. But this desperate attempt failed before dawn. Now a solid mass of Federals blocked the way beyond Appomattox. Lee was hemmed in.

The General and his staff had breakfast—water and cornmeal mixed. They warmed this stuff above the coals and drank it down.

It may have been that the sight

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The Union Army had ample military supplies; the Southerners had none.

of this miserable gruel worked an effect on Lee more powerful than the persuasion of counselors. He looked at his staff.

"The only dignified course for me would be to go to General Grant and surrender myself."

Surrender at last! Now he had admitted it . . .

Lee, clad in his best uniform, rode toward the old stage road, accompanied by a few officers and a white flag on high. Gray-faced general, gray beard, gray uniform, gray steed. He was riding Traveller, as he had ridden the mighty horse when they first retreated from Petersburg.

Lee had many mounts during the war, but Traveller was king of them all. Old Traveller danced or galloped boldly to the last—a deep-chested, iron-gray horse with black points. He stood 16 hands high, which meant he was a very tall animal, and, like Lee, he was born in Virginia.

Traveller hated to walk. He liked to move at a rapid trot, and often would trot 30 miles on end, never halting in his pace. It took a strong man to ride him in comfort. Lee was strong. And as he rode forward under the white flag, he gripped Traveller's rein tightly.

Not far from Appomattox Court-

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Only women were left to mourn in the ruins of the Confederate capital city.

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house, built comfortably in a grove of locust trees, stood the red brick house occupied by Wilmer McLean and his family. On this Sunday morning of April 9th, McLean was on a quiet errand. He came out from the village, and approaching up the clay road he saw five riders.

McLean rubbed his eyes. During the past 24 hours he had seen a great many troops, but always they had been either gray or blue. This little cavalcade was mixed: three were in Confederate gray, two in the dark blue of the North. Although McLean did not yet know it, the Federals were Lieut. Col. O. E. Babcock, an aide of Grant's, and his orderly.

No guns were popping in the distance. The two widely spread armies seemed to squat sullenly, rifles ready, gazing at each other with dogged weariness, ready to fight again at the drop of a hat.

A house, a house—some place was needed for the meeting of the two commanders. The party continued along the road. McLean pointed out his home—snug behind its yard. Violets grew among old bricks at the stepside.

He led on through the gate. Horses halted, the riders swung to the ground. Lee's orderly removed Traveller's bridle to let him nibble the grass.

Lee moved in silence up the wide steps. Blue and gray, two other figures followed him. Babcock, the Northern aide, and Lee's secretary, Colonel Marshall.

In the McLeans' parlor, the furniture was still and ornate: a fireplace with a clock on the mantel, a wide old sofa, tables. Lee sat down in silence, and put his hat and gray gauntlets on an oval-topped table near him.

It was nearly half an hour after Lee had entered the McLean house before Grant and his party came jingling along. There in the yard, Grant dismounted and climbed the same steps his enemy had climbed a little time before. He wore no uniform of fine cloth, spotless and untarnished; his boots were battered, leather and trousers splashed with the mud of riding.

The rest of the officers halted in the front yard. Through the parlor window, Babcock saw Grant approaching, and went to open the door. The staff waited, with Traveller and the solemn orderly in gray; they stood amid violets. A dove was crying its cooing song, and there were little wooden toys with which the McLean children had been playing.

The sound of a door opening again. Babcock stood at the front entrance with hat in hand. His voice was audible to the attentive blue-clad men in the yard. "The General says come in." They went.

It was like entering a sick-chamber, said Colonel Porter. Grant was sitting about ten feet away from Lee, beside a marble-topped table. Like Lee, he had put his hat and gloves beside him. Yes, he had a hat and gloves, but no sword. He was dressed in a private's uniform except for the stars on his shoulders. Lee, in stern and elegant resignation near the front window, looked like a prince in contrast.

Grant cleared his throat. "I met you once before, General Lee, in Mexico. I think I should have recognized you anywhere."

Lee said politely, "I know I met

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you. I have often thought of it, and tried to recollect how you looked; but I have never been able to recall a single feature."

Some people might have been offended by a statement like this. Not Grant. He knew that in the army of the 1840s, Colonel Lee was an admired figure of importance. Captains like himself—they were as common as horse-pistols.

Almost with relish Grant went on to talk about the war in Mexico. He wrote later, with honesty, "Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting."

But Lee brought him back in a hurry. "I suppose, General Grant," he said, "that you know why I am here. I came to find out about terms."

"Well, General, your soldiers would be surrendered and then paroled until properly exchanged. They wouldn't be imprisoned. All your arms, ammunition, and supplies you would give to us."

Lee said that those were about the conditions he had expected. "General Grant, I suggest that you put the terms on paper."

Grant asked one of his staff to hand him his manifold order book. "Very well, I'll write out the terms." He set to work, scribbling rapidly with his pencil.

A few minutes later, the General paused in his writing. His glance was resting on the beautiful sword at Lee's side—a gorgeous piece of cutlery, with an ornamented hilt. From time immemorial, it had been the custom for a surrendering commander to deliver up his sword to the victor.

No one will ever know exactly what thoughts were going on in Grant's head at this moment of decision. He says in his memoirs merely that it would have been "an unnecessary humiliation" to compel Lee to engage in this sad ceremony. Therefore he wrote:

"These surrender terms do not mean that officers have to give up their side-arms or their own horses and personal baggage."

Grant concluded the letter and put the order book into the Confederate's hands. "Will you read this, General Lee, and see if it covers the matter fully?"

Lee tried to control himself now. He fumbled in his pocket and found his spectacle case, drew out his handkerchief, and proceeded to wipe his glasses with care. At last he took up the book and read the terms.

When Lee finished reading, he looked at the man who had conquered him. He could not bring himself to mention it—yet he was keenly grateful for the generosity displayed. No prison bars, no dismal yielding up of treasured swords for his soldiers!

"There's just one thing I'd like to mention, General Grant. In our army, unlike in yours, soldiers of the cavalry and artillery own their horses. Will my men be able to keep their mounts?"

He waited for Grant's reply. Other people, stiff and silent, waited also. They lingered to witness the generosity of this sober-faced man who had once been compelled to resign from the Army because he was considered unfit.

Grant said, "Your country has been so raided by the two armies . . . I think your men would have great difficulty in planting crops for

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This is how the General-in-Chief looked when he went to receive Lee's surrender.

their families. I'll instruct my officers to let every man who claims to own a horse or mule take the animal home with him."

A warmth of thankfulness gushed in Lee's heart. "I believe this will go a long way toward healing the wounds of war."

There in the McLean parlor, the letters were copied and signed by the two generals. Then Lee took up his gloves and hat. Union officers stood aside in silence as he walked from the room with Marshall following closely.

It was a little before 4 o'clock. Lee moved to the top of the steps and put on his gauntlets. He stared out across the country village. Over there, past trees and meadows, his army was waiting. He must go to them with news he had never

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Right after Appomattox, Lee posed with two of his staff officers.

thought he would have to bring. Lee called out in a choking voice, "Orderly! Orderly!"

"Yes, sir." Sergeant Tucker came, leading Traveller, and halted in front of the steps.

Lee swung his long strong leg over the saddle. Grant stepped past his silent officers and moved down the porch stair, walking slowly toward Lee. He too had donned his hat when he came out of the house, but now he lifted it as he faced the man whom he had beaten. Behind Grant, one by one the other Yankees followed suit.

There they stood, a ring of blue-clad conquerors bareheaded, gazing respectfully at the silver-bearded warrior whom they could not help but admire, much as they had loathed the cause for which he

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In the parlor of this historic house, the surrender papers were signed.

fought. Lee lifted his own hat in brief farewell. Then, staring blankly ahead, he turned Traveller toward the gate.

Grant did not linger in the McLean yard. His staff was directed to mount. They started for headquarters camp, pitched that afternoon not far from the Courthouse.

Boom!

People glanced at the horizon in bewilderment. Had the war broken out all over again?

Boom! . . . Boom!

Grant turned to the man riding nearest him.

"What's that?" he asked.

"It must be a celebration, General. Probably the good news has trickled to our artillery. The cannoneers are saluting the victory—"

"Tell them to stop." The staff

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The last Confederate prisoners swear new allegiance to the United States.

looked at their Commander in amazement.

"Send word at once," he said curtly. "We must have no such celebration. The war is over, the Rebels are our fellow-countrymen once more."

An aide went clattering off. Within a few minutes the firing ceased, and there was only silence . . . the clear conversation of bluebirds along the hedgerows, the distant blatting of a calf.

"General . . ."

Grant's weary eyes rested on his questioner.

"Have you forgotten something, sir? I don't believe you've yet informed Washington of what's happened down here."

Grant nodded, and called for pencil and paper. He dismounted at the roadside and sat down on a large stone which bulged out of the dusty grass.

Once more the terse man from Galena began to scribble an historic message—this time a telegram—to the Secretary of War.

"General Lee," he wrote, "surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon . . ."

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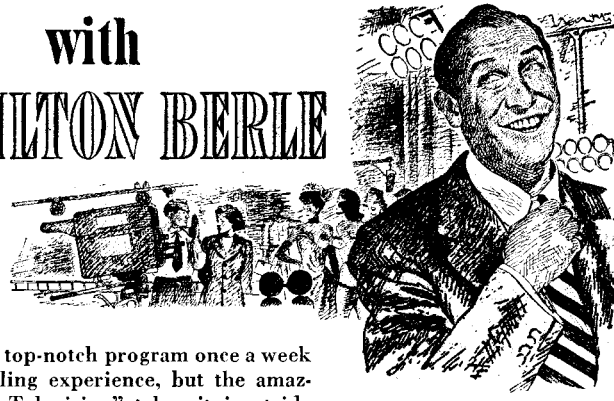
Behind the Scenes with MILTON BERLE



Staging a top-notch program once a week is a grueling experience, but the amazing "Mr. Television" takes it in stride

by JOEL EDWARDS

A WOMAN WHO has been a constant admirer of the Milton Berle television show recently wrote the comedy star a puzzled letter. "There's one thing I can't understand," she said. "One minute I see you in a tuxedo. Then the camera moves away, the scene changes, and an instant later I see you in a funny ballet costume. How do you do it so quickly?"

The answer involves just one of the many behind-the-scenes bits of magic that help make the Berle show the biggest thing in television. Berle's dressing room is only six long strides from the center of his stage—so close, in fact, that the weighted end of the microphone boom keeps bobbing up and down around his dressing table.

Hanging ready are all his costumes for the evening, carefully prepared by his sister Rosalind, who used to be his partner when he was a child vaudeville star. They have been slit down the back or sides and pasted together with hooks, eyes, and rubber bands; they are ready for instant action.

Also waiting in the dressing room is a valet—and when a really quick change has to be made, another assistant or two. With their help Berle can dash into the room, dodge the microphone boom, change from head to foot, and have time for a few puffs on a cigar before reappearing 90 seconds later.

All things considered, it is a miracle that the Berle show ever gets on the air at all. The average Broadway musical runs two hours and a half. Such a show often requires a full year for planning and writing, and a minimum of three months for rehearsals and tryouts. But the Berle show runs for a full

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hour and, like any musical comedy, has music, dancing, specialty acts, and humor skits.

In a way it is even harder to produce, because all the action has to take place on a small stage (only 36 feet wide) that will look good on a television screen. Moreover, it has to be timed to the split second, so that the finale will wind up at exactly 8:58½ o'clock.

Yet Berle's weekly offering has to be planned, written, scored, rehearsed, and presented to an audience every seventh day, for 39 weeks out of the year. Berle himself has to come up with an opening monologue, introductory speeches for two or three supporting acts, the star role in two long comedy skits, and some sort of act for the finale, plus frequent appearances with his guests.

All this is obviously impossible, and yet it happens all the time.

THERE HAS NEVER been anything in the entertainment industry to rival the amazing success story of Berle on TV. Milton, who is 42 and a veteran of 37 years in show business, is now at the peak of his career. Everything he learned as a child actor in old-time silent movies —all the talent he developed as a youth in vaudeville, a young master of ceremonies, a night-club entertainer and radio star—has come to full flower. He is the first person in history to be seen by 20,000,000 other people every week—and his TV audience is still growing.

Berle loves show business—and it takes all this love, plus his talent, experience, and almost inhuman energy, to make the show possible. It also takes a staff far bigger than the viewing audience could possibly realize.

On an average Tuesday night, the audience sees Berle and a cast of some 30 other actors and actresses, ranging from bit players to guest stars. The audience hears and catches an occasional glimpse of Alan Roth's 16-piece orchestra. In addition, however, there are many unseen heroes.

Producer Arthur Knorr, famed for his stage shows at Manhattan's Roxy Theater, handles over-all planning. There is a talent buyer to book the supporting acts, plus a scenic designer and three costumers. The show also uses a half-dozen writers, a number of expert "production men," three prop men, and carpenters and painters to prepare the stage.

There are four men to focus the four cameras, and five other TV technicians, plus assistants. All in all, the show requires the services of 107 people, but what the audience sees is like the top of an iceberg—a small fraction of the whole.

While this week's show is being presented, next week's is getting started. The talent buyer is lining up guest stars and supporting acts. Writers are dreaming up skits, and Berle is thinking about topical gags for his opening monologue.

By Friday night, when the Berle staff disbands for a day off, a preliminary draft of the sketches has been written. Then, on Sunday morning, the real work starts. At 11 o'clock, Berle slips quietly into a building near Lindy's famous restaurant on Broadway and goes to a rehearsal studio. There he sits at the head of a table, with producer, assistants, and writers gathered

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around. He tilts his hat, lights a long cigar, and begins to read.

The studio is stiflingly hot because all the windows are closed, yet in a few minutes Berle goes behind a curtain, changes into a wool sports shirt, wraps a towel around his throat, and puts a suede jacket over everything else. Berle has a tremendous fear of colds. He needs his voice, which he taxes mercilessly on show nights, and he takes no chances with it.

Around the table hovers Marco, the faithful stooge and fat man who has been seen on the program as everything from a chubby angel to a gross caricature of Rita Hayworth. Then a guest singer arrives and the rehearsal begins. To the keyboard goes Sammy Liner, pianist for the Roth orchestra—one of those musicians who can play, by memory or ear, any tune ever written in any key ever invented. He has to be good, because Berle is a perfectionist in the matter of music.

In fact, the whole rehearsal is a triumph of the Berle versatility over the limitations of time. The opening skit has a weak introduction; Milton dictates a new one. The guest singer needs a stronger musical background; Berle hums what actors call a "sock opening" and gets the orchestra to follow him. On the last chord, Berle shouts, "You, there, on the bass viol! You were one note too low!"

A guest dancer, young and nervous, is not pausing long enough at the end of his act. "You'll never get applause that way," Berle tells him. "After your last step, raise your hat and count three before you bow."

Once he had as a guest the famous Metropolitan baritone Robert Merrill, who was supposed to sing *Old Man River*. When Merrill finished his first rehearsal, Berle shook his head sadly.

"You can't end the song like that," he said. "You've got to build up to the last note, take it an octave higher, and hit it hard!"

"If I tried that at the Met," Merrill complained, "the critics would murder me."

"They might murder you at the Met," said Berle, "but they'll love you in vaudeville!"

The rehearsal continues all day Sunday, starts again on Monday morning, and goes on past dinnertime. All the while Berle is on his feet, practicing dance steps, singing tunes the way he wants them, working out pantomime gags with guest stars. Everybody else grows weary; Berle still has so much energy that he cannot stand still for a minute.

ON TUESDAY, the rehearsal moves to the actual studio from which the show will be broadcast. By 5:30 P.M., two and a half hours before show time, the studio looks like a combination circus, football game, subway rush, and bad nightmare. Nobody but the rashest optimist would believe that the show could be ready in time.

Actresses walk around trying to memorize last-minute changes in their lines. The band practices a new finale while the music librarian runs out to find a better arrangement. The sound-effects man works on his pistols, to make sure they produce enough noise. An electrician rigs a chandelier so it will fall with the loudest possible bang.

The cameramen, who have been focusing the four big TV eyes since

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9:30 A.M., still seek the right angle for the comedy sketch near the opening of the show. Three acrobats keep their muscles limber by doing nip-ups, and a girl in long tan stockings performs an endless series of practice pirouettes.

A prop man with anguished face rushes in and cries, "We can't find a donkey for Berle's entrance!" Somebody yells, "Keep trying"—and the prop man rushes out again, looking unhappier than ever.

On the tiny stage, six people are jammed into what appears to be an old-time Western barroom. The antics on the stage are a comedy skit, but if you walked in at that moment you would hardly know it. Berle, who at night will be wearing a cowboy hat and chaps, now wears his suede jacket and has a towel wrapped around his throat. He is not saying anything—except the word "Clyde."

"Clyde" is a code word for the jokes he will crack once the show is on the air. He likes to keep them secret at rehearsals so the musicians will hear them for the first time at night. The musicians are the only part of the studio audience that Berle can see or hear clearly from the stage, and he depends on their reaction to tell him how well he is going over.

Finally, Berle walks out, vaults the steps from stage to audience, and grins at producer Knorr. "It's going to be very funny," he says confidently. Only as an afterthought does he add: "*If* we get it all straight tonight." Then he glances at his watch and whispers in a tone of doom, "We'll never have time for a dress rehearsal!"

Everybody in the studio laughs, because almost every week Berle says the same thing. In the history of the show, there has almost never been enough time for a dress rehearsal—yet each week Berle, whose optimism is boundless, appears disappointed.

At the last moment, the men who have been timing the acts with stop watches discover that the show runs seven minutes long. The acrobats have to be cut out, but that still leaves two minutes too much.

The act that was supposed to be the "bridge" between the last comedy skit and the finale has to be cut out, too—and that means a new "bridge" must be improvised. Berle decides to fill the gap with a pantomime and dance—which he can rehearse, if at all, only while dressing. Nobody in his right mind, after watching the confusion all day, would give a nickel for the show's chances of success.

Then, at 8 o'clock, the studio lights blink and the show is on the air. The opening quartet sings praises of the product of the Texas Company, Berle's sponsor. The four men stand aside, the curtains part, and Milton Berle steps out.

He is wearing an outlandish costume and his face is thick with make-up—but beneath it all he is calm, unhurried, and as fresh as though he had been resting all day.

The whole thing is magic—the magic of a man who has known show business from the age of five, who can sing, dance, juggle, make faces, invent jokes, and write music, and who knows every trick that will make an audience happy. It is also the product of a man who does not take himself too seriously.

Berle has been accused by rivals

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of stealing their gags, but he has turned even this accusation into an asset. One Tuesday he started his program by saying, "I was listening to the Bob Hope show last week and I laughed so hard I dropped my paper and pencil." Once he made his opening appearance in a policeman's uniform and said, "I've got a lot of cop jokes tonight. Every one of them was copped from somebody else!"

If Berle were a stuffy perfectionist, he could never get his show on the air. Something is bound to go wrong, in a show produced so quickly—but instead of worrying about the mistakes, Berle counts on his ability to remedy them. Even if an act "lays an egg," he goes on unabashed to the next skit.

A few years ago, Milton had an embarrassing and costly failure. He was the star and also a heavy investor in a musical comedy called *Spring in Brazil*. The show was a failure on Broadway, moved to Chicago, and finally gave up the ghost at great expense to all the people who had backed it.

On the final night in Chicago, instead of being depressed, Berle arranged for his friend, Peter Lind Hayes, the rising young comedian, to attend in a box seat.

As soon as the final curtain went down, Hayes rose enthusiastically, applauding loudly and shouting: "Author! Author!"

Thereupon Berle came out from the wings, leading a man in a gorilla suit. Hayes pulled a pistol, fired a shot, and the gorilla fell over and pretended to be dead. "That's the end, folks," Berle said, as the audience roared. "Now we're going to auction off the scenery!"

It takes courage to pull that sort of joke at one's own expense. And it takes the same kind of courage to put on a big-time television show every week. Fortunately for his 20,000,000 viewers, Milton Berle has courage in abundance.

With the Shaggy Set

IN THE LIVING ROOM Wanda practiced on her violin, while, out on the veranda, her little sister, Betty, enjoyed the company of her dog, Tike. The solemn mutt bent his flappy ears to the music and began howling dismally in rhythm with its rather wild and uncertain measures.

Betty endured the unhappy collaboration of violin and dog as long as she could, then poked her head in through the open window and called to her sister, "For goodness sake, Wanda! Can't you play something he doesn't know?"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

"SO SORRY, CONDUCTOR," the lady passenger apologized, "but I'm afraid my little dog has eaten my ticket."

"Then I suggest, Madam," said the unimpressed ticket-taker, "that you buy him a second helping."

—*Tit-Bits*

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RECIPE FOR RICHES

by JAMES D. WOOLF

The formula is simple: look around for something people need, then give it to them

RUSSELL CONWELL, lawyer-clergyman founder of Temple University, was famous in the early 1900s for a lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," which he delivered some 6,000 times.

"If you want to make a fortune," he told his listeners, "you have only to find a human need, and a way to satisfy it."

Human needs beckon to us from every side. Yet they go unfulfilled for want of a better, easier, and cheaper way of doing them. For example, generations of parents watched their children go scuffling off to school, scraping their shoes at every step. Then one day a parent, watching a blacksmith shoe a horse, saw a great light. He invented steel tips for toes and heels and made a fortune.

Note that this man did not create a brand-new idea—he simply gave a fresh twist to an old one. Often it works that way: a "way to satisfy" opens one's eyes to a "human need." Eberhard Faber saw a servant rub dirt off a papered wall with a chunk of soft rubber. He, too, came up with a new twist—the eraser on your pencil.

O.F. Rohwedder, an Iowa storekeeper, watched his butcher slice bacon on a machine. Millions had watched the same thing—with idle interest. But Rohwedder saw in that slicer the idea for pre-sliced bread. Although no mechanic, he invented a machine and now it is sold to bakeries all over the world.

The carpet sweeper was suggested by horse-drawn sweepers in London streets; the injector razor, invention of an Army man, was suggested by the repeating rifle.

Charles E. Duryea saw his wife spraying herself with perfume—saw it at a time when he was seeking a device to atomize gasoline for the new automobile engine he was developing. Out of an old principle, his imagination produced the first practical carburetor.

There's a fresh angle in almost anything you look at. Take the Christmas card, an idea more than 100 years old. A bank clerk gave it a new twist. He decided regular checks were too formal for gift occasions. So he suggested that special checks be designed for special occasions—one for Christmas, one for Mother's Day, one for birthdays, and so on. The clerk is Thomas J. Foley of the Manufacturers Trust Company in New York. His festive checks are now used by banks in at least 38 states.

When you think about supplying

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human needs, don't shoot for the moon. Think about applying simple everyday things to simple everyday desires. Try twisting an existing idea—a principle of mechanics, a special material, a method or a process—and come up with something new.

Such things as window screens and clotheslines are being made of plastic. Can you think of another new use for this versatile material? An amazing variety of items—even fluffy fabrics—are now produced from glass. Aluminum is treated so that cigarettes won't burn it, alcohol won't mar it, food won't stain it, and cutlery won't scratch it.

A man in New Mexico has built a business selling baskets made of cactus fiber, while a couple in Arizona grow and ship cacti, ready to plant, all over the U.S. Is there any plant life in your locality that might be put to a new use?

The mind deliberately bent on discovery is more likely to be rewarded than the mind that is not. Look for angles and slants in the everyday things you use. It is pretty much a matter of your seeing likenesses, similarities, and relationships—or what William James, the great Harvard psychologist, called "bonds of identity."

But he pointed out that we must do more than just notice them. We must *obey* them.

Simple Solution

ON THE WALL of a small gasoline station in New Hampshire I saw a cartoon showing an automobile completely torn apart, the engine hoisted out, wrenches, springs, and pistons scattered over the garage floor, all indicative of the grim determination to discover the cause of the trouble. A mechanic is shown stretched under the car, pulling the crankcase apart.

Leaning down to speak to the latter is a fellow mechanic, obviously delighted at the discovery he has made. "I think I've found the trouble, Scotty," he is shouting. "No gas!"

A LARGE TRUCK, attempting to go through a railroad underpass near a small Western town, found itself wedged between the roadway and the girders overhead. An emergency crew tried without success to extricate it, and in a short time traffic was stalled for almost a mile on both sides of the underpass.

Finally a small boy who had watched the proceedings with interest walked over to the emergency crew's foreman and asked: "Want to know how to get it loose?"

The foreman looked at him dispiritedly. "I suppose you've got it all figured out."

"Sure," came the youngster's prompt reply. "I'd let some of the air out of the tires." —JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

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Sex Education for Parents

by MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

(Minister, Union Congregational Church, Groton, Mass.)

This frank, common-sense article is of vital importance to many an American home

THE FIRST TIME I was drafted by a parent to teach sex education, I was just 14 years old. A neighbor, the mother of five children, called me into her kitchen one day. "Your mother says she told you where babies come from," she bluntly stated. "Well, Eva is pestering the life out of me. You tell her the way your mother told you, will you?"

The last time I was similarly commandeered was just the other day. Leaving her 12-year-old daughter in my charge at our youth camp, a seemingly sophisticated woman said: "I'd better tell you this, in case Nancy starts to menstruate while she is here. I've noticed signs that she might start any time, but I just can't tell her about it. You tell her, will you?"

These two incidents, though many years apart, reveal one significant fact: at our own age and interest level, we have grown sexually literate and vocal. In groups, at forums, and conversationally, it is evident we have lifted old taboos. However, for all our group intelligence, as parents most of us are still dolts. In our families and with our own children, we act like tongue-tied ignoramuses. In more ways than one, today's parents are educated but dumb about sex. Is there a who, what, where, when, and why of sex education for parents?

The *who* that the average parent needs most to understand is himself. A distressed mother came to me a year ago. "I think you ought to tell the young people around here the facts of life," she said.

"I will," I replied, "on one condition: that no young person come into a group or personal discussion until at least one of his parents has come to a group on the identical material first."

Our class for parents revealed an appalling lack of knowledge of even the most common vocabulary for discussing sex functions. For men and women married anywhere from 12 to 18 years, the first lesson had to be that of elementary anatomy.

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Thus, the plight of many a parent is exactly like that of a mother trying to instruct her daughter in baking a cake, without knowing the names of such ingredients as sugar, milk, eggs, and flour.

What parents need in education about sex is equally revealing. For example, a good many of them think they solve the problem by procrastination.

"I did my duty," claimed a mother who was upset over her 16-year-old daughter's wayward behavior. "When Jean was 14, I got my courage up one day and mentioned the subject. But Jean said, 'Oh Mother, don't bother. I know all about that stuff.' "

"What did you say then?"

"Why, nothing," the mother admitted. "I secretly heaved a sigh of relief and told her to run along."

What most parents need in sex education is not only an enlargement of their vocabulary, but a change in their basic approach. Sex education is not a once-for-all, get-it-over-with-and-forget-it deed. The parent who considers his child's sex education accomplished with knowledge of the facts of life is as shortsighted as would be a teacher who considers a child's rhetoric education complete when the alphabet is learned.

What we need most in sex education, both as parents and children, are not facts of life, but *facts for living*. These facts we must continue to discover all through life. How true this is becomes evident time and again when I give out marriage counseling literature to young couples.

"Sorry it took me so long to get this back," one young bride-to-be explained, "but Mother and Dad both read it, too. What's more, they want any other books you have."

Sex education for parents is not limited to *what* to impart to a child. It is the continuing process whereby marriage partners enlarge and enrich their own knowledge so that a harmonious home life is created. This in itself is the most important course in the sex-education curriculum that any parent can provide.

THE THIRD and fourth problems confronting most parents usually come together: *where* and *when*. A doctor friend who is unusually versed in psychology posed his problem in this respect:

"I seriously question," he contended, "whether any parent, no matter how intelligent, can educate his own child in sex matters. It is not just a matter of the knowledge of the parent, but of the embarrassment of the child.

"With my own daughter, I did a most careful job. But every time we had a heart-to-heart talk, just when I felt we were approaching the most important part of the conversation, she would make some excuse and leave. Frankly, I don't think any parent can educate his own child—any more than a doctor should operate on a member of his own family."

The doctor's dilemma is common. Too many parents view sex education as a series of information injections given periodically, preferably in secret, and that, once given, make the child forever after morally immune to all suggestion of evil.

It is my contention that the *where* of sex education should rarely, if ever, be deliberately secretive, and

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Books that Parents Will Find Helpful

TO AID PARENTS in an intelligent approach to the problems of sex education, the following list of reading is recommended by the Child Study Association of America:

How to Tell Your Child about Sex (No. 149), by James L. Hymes, Jr. Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 East 38th St., New York 16, N.Y. 20 cents.

Let's Tell the Truth about Sex, by Howard Whitman. Pellegrini & Cudahy, $2.50.

Parents' Questions, by the Staff of the Child Study Association of America. New Edition. Harper & Bros., $3.

Sex Education—A Critical Evaluation. Child Study Magazine, fall, 1949. 132 East 74th St., New York 21, N. Y. 50 cents.

Sex Guidance in Family Life Education: A Handbook for the Schools, by Frances Bruce Strain. The Macmillan Co., $3.

The Happy Family, by John Levy, M.D., and Ruth Munroe. Alfred A. Knopf, $3.

The Parents' Manual: A Guide to the Emotional Development of Young Children, by Anna W. M. Wolf. Simon and Schuster, $2.75.

We, the Parents: Our Relationship to Our Children and to the World Today, by Sidonie M. Gruenberg. Revised edition. Harper & Bros., $3.50.

that the *when* should never be deferred to the proper time for heart-to-heart talks.

Sex hunger, like food hunger, is a basic urge. From the milk bottle onward, the child needs a gradual and continual satisfying of his growing nutritional demands. So with his sex needs.

Heart-to-heart talks usually are emotional binges. The atmosphere is secretive, the situation unnatural, the parent on edge, the child on guard. Education is the process of leading out, of bringing forth, a cultivation of response on the part of the child to the information given.

Here, then, we find the crux of the problem. Parents have a two-fold fear about sex education: (1) they fear that knowledge will stimulate experiment by their children; (2) they think themselves helpless to prevent or control the tragedy such experiment might produce.

Dangerously enough, both these fears are valid, and I do not belittle them in the least. But, ironically, they are both premised on a wrong definition. Sex education must be more than a relaying of information, just as nutrition is more than stuffing on hot dogs and soda pop. That is why I do not consider heart-to-heart talks education. For the most part, they are a nervous, tense unloading of information that frequently develops into a lengthy and embarrassing oration. After such a session, small wonder that the child tries to find out for himself just what his parent has been talking about.

The *where* of good sex education is not in the seclusion of father's workshop or mother's bedroom. It

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lies in the give and take of daily experience all through the child's life. At bedtime, in the bath, out riding, when a new baby comes in the neighborhood, on seeing a newspaper account of marriage, by pointing out a magazine article on sex, the conscientious parent gears the *where* of sex education to everyday happenings.

The *when*, on the other hand, is dependent upon two considerations. The most natural moment is determined whenever the child's interest or concern is sufficiently aroused to ask a question. The most necessary time, however, often occurs when parents least suspect. It takes place whenever the child's welfare, through lack of knowledge, is threatened from without.

One son forcibly brought this fact home to his father, and then unconsciously suggested one of the best *when* and *where* situations possible in good sex education.

"Dad," he said one night, "there is a lot of dirty talk going on at school. Don (the boy next door) and I feel queer about it. Is it all right if he comes over and we hash it all out?"

"Well," stalled the father, "that's really up to Don and his folks, don't you think?"

"Sure," replied the boy, "so let's get his Dad in on it, too."

One of the best community sex-control projects of which I know grew out of that reasonable request.

Armed with intelligence, not ignorance, young people exercise the only valid control there is: that of self-control. And this, in itself, is part of the answer to the last and possibly least understood aspect of sex education for parents: the *why*. The other part of the answer is best illustrated by two actual attitudes in action.

In response to my stipulation that parents go over the material proposed in a sex-education course for their children, I met two reactions. One came to me in a letter.

"I do not approve of such goings-on," the mother wrote. "If there is an outbreak of wild parties and illegitimate children, it is your fault. You are a disgrace to the ministry and a menace to youth. No right-thinking parent would send a child to your church."

The other response came from a man who, together with his wife, took the education course. "You know," he said, "we've got a whole new slant. By consciously considering what we do or do not want our youngsters to learn, we unconsciously have learned something, too. I was always one of those men who knew all the answers. I think now I may be a better father, but do you know what else? My wife claims I'm already a better husband, too!"

Handicapped

SOME WOMEN FEEL that just being a woman is a handicap. When Frances Perkins, the former Secretary of Labor, was asked if she thought this to be so, she observed, "Only in climbing trees." —J. ARCHER KISS, *It's All In Your Mind* (Reilly & Lee)

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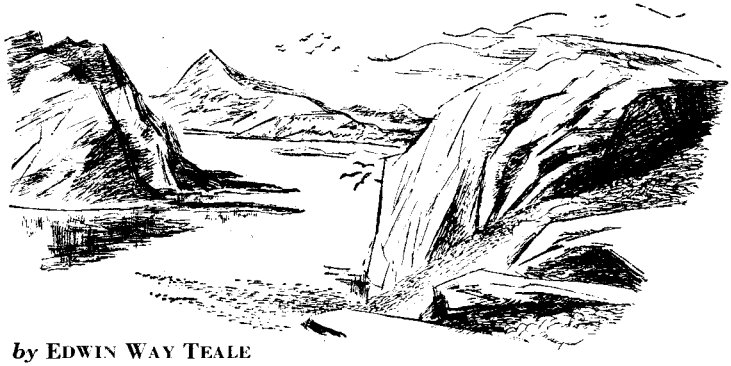
THE RIDDLE OF THE *Marching Mice*



by EDWIN WAY TEALE

The lemmings' periodic migrations, ending in mass suicide, are an enigma of nature

ONE AUTUMN MORNING in 1891, a steamer entered Trondhjem Fjord on the coast of Norway. Passengers looked over the rails dumbfounded. The entire surface of the fjord was swarming with mice, hundreds of thousands of them—little brown lemmings from the high mountain meadows swimming steadily out to sea. Behind them, in a living flood, others poured down the steep slopes to the water's edge.

More than 100,000,000 lemmings, it was estimated, plunged into the fjord that autumn and swam away into the ocean, to perish in a mass suicide that is one of nature's strangest enigmas.

Periodically, these mountain mice engage in their death march. Always the Norwegian rodents head west, as though led by some invisible Pied Piper. Fearlessly they advance through forests, farm yards, and city streets. Nothing stops them. Normally they avoid water, but during lemming years they plunge boldly into foaming torrents and swim across.

Cats and dogs, owls and foxes gorge on them. Men slaughter them. Even cows, pigs, and reindeer turn carnivorous. Yet the bewitched mice keep advancing. And such is their fertility that, in spite of the multitudes killed along the way, they increase as they advance.

In a front often 20 miles wide, the rodents reach the shore of the sea. Hardly hesitating, they plunge into the water to struggle on westward, as long as life remains.

Why do these Norwegian mice make their meaningless trek? What impels them to leave the land and swim west to certain death?

An old hypothesis maintains the lemmings originated on the lost continent of Atlantis and that their modern descendants are instinctively seeking to return to their ancestral homeland, now sunk beneath

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the waves. Another theory is that they are following a land bridge that once connected Scandinavia with Greenland and North America. A third holds that the animals once crossed to islands, when the North Sea was frozen over for long periods, and are attempting to follow the same route. More prosaic is the suggestion that they think the sea is merely a wider lake and are seeking to cross it.

But why do they always swim west? What compass-needle of instinct guides them over land and water always in the same direction? That is part of the lemming riddle. But it is only part. Behind it lies the mystery of the cause of lemming years.

Above the timberline and on the rolling tundras of the far North, these hardy mountain mice live on roots and moss, lichens and dwarf birch, an entirely vegetable diet. They feed at night, are shy and rarely seen. Tawny brown, about five inches long when full grown, they resemble vest-pocket woodchucks. Their clumsy bodies end in stubby tails.

So lonely are the windswept mountain barrens where the lemmings live that their existence was hardly known in early days, and when millions of them suddenly appeared in the lowlands during a periodic migration, the superstitious natives believed they had fallen from the clouds.

Normally from four to six young are produced in an underground burrow in early summer. Then comes a lemming year. These occur in cycles: a short cycle of about five years and a long cycle of about ten. Suddenly reproduction skyrockets. The litters increase to as high as 11. Moreover, during such years the young lemmings are more robust: a larger proportion survives. The inevitable consequence is a fabulous zoom in population.

Lemmings neither hibernate nor store up food for the future. They continue consuming the available food supply the year around. By late summer, during a lemming year, the animals sense impending famine. The pressure of a population that is still increasing builds up like steam in a boiler.

The explosion occurs in early autumn. In a stampede, lemmings begin streaming down the mountainsides. Most are young animals only a few weeks old. Although a few of the elders join the migration, the rest remain behind, providing the breeding stock which will repopulate the area.

TO PEOPLE ALONG the line of march, a lemming year is the counterpart of a Biblical plague. Like millions of furred locusts, the mice descend upon gardens, fields, and pastures, stripping them clean. Traveling by night and feeding by day, they lay waste the land as they advance. Sometimes the plague will continue for more than a year.

As they near their destination, the irresistible urge that drives them on seems to mount in intensity. They begin traveling by day as well as night; become bold and aggressive, invading towns and houses. They attack farm animals and even men, sinking teeth into boots or sticks and hanging on like bulldogs.

Rushing blindly ahead, they tumble into holes and pile up in ditches. Their dead bodies pollute

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wells and springs. Lemming fever, a kind of tularemia, breaks out, killing vast numbers of animals and spreading to humans as well.

And always, following the horde night and day, are the predators. Weasels kill until they are satiated. Black ravens and snowy owls, silent white ghosts of the Arctic, gorge themselves day after day as the lemmings struggle on to complete the final chapter of their tragic pilgrimage.

Their death march is nature's way of saving the species. Without it, the overpopulated highlands would be stripped of food and the lemming race would perish of starvation.

To scientists studying these rodents, the mystery of their recurring peaks of population seems a riddle within a riddle. What causes the sudden bursts of breeding? Why do they occur periodically?

A sensational answer to the first question was proposed by the English scientist, Walter Heape, who suggests that during certain years the mountaintop lichens eaten by the lemmings contain an abnormal amount of sex-stimulating vitamins. In consequence, the reproducing capacity of the animals is swiftly stepped up.

As to the second problem, why the lemming population varies in definite cycles, the English ecologist, Charles Elton, reports a clue discovered in his study of Hudson Bay records. The five- and ten-year cycles, he points out, correspond roughly to the seven- and 11-year cycles of the sunspots, those solar cyclones that affect the amount of radiation reaching the earth.

Whether vitamins and sunspots provide the final answers to the enigma of the lemming remains to be seen. Both theories are, at present, hypotheses demanding further proof. Thus, after generations of study, the mystery of the marching mice is still unsolved.

Slick Mediation

THE TWO CARS had apparently brushed each other in passing, but the drivers—both women—were carrying on as though a major catastrophe had occurred. Each, naturally, blamed the other, and in no uncertain terms.

My husband stepped up to them, smiled, and said politely: "Perhaps I can be of assistance to you, ladies. The damage seems to be slight and you have each suffered about equally. I'll copy the license numbers for you and may I suggest that both of you then go home and report the accident to your insurance companies."

He did so, handed each a slip of paper, and they went their separate ways without further argument. I have often wondered what each thought when she arrived home and found that she had been given her *own* license number.

—MRS. WADE ALLEN

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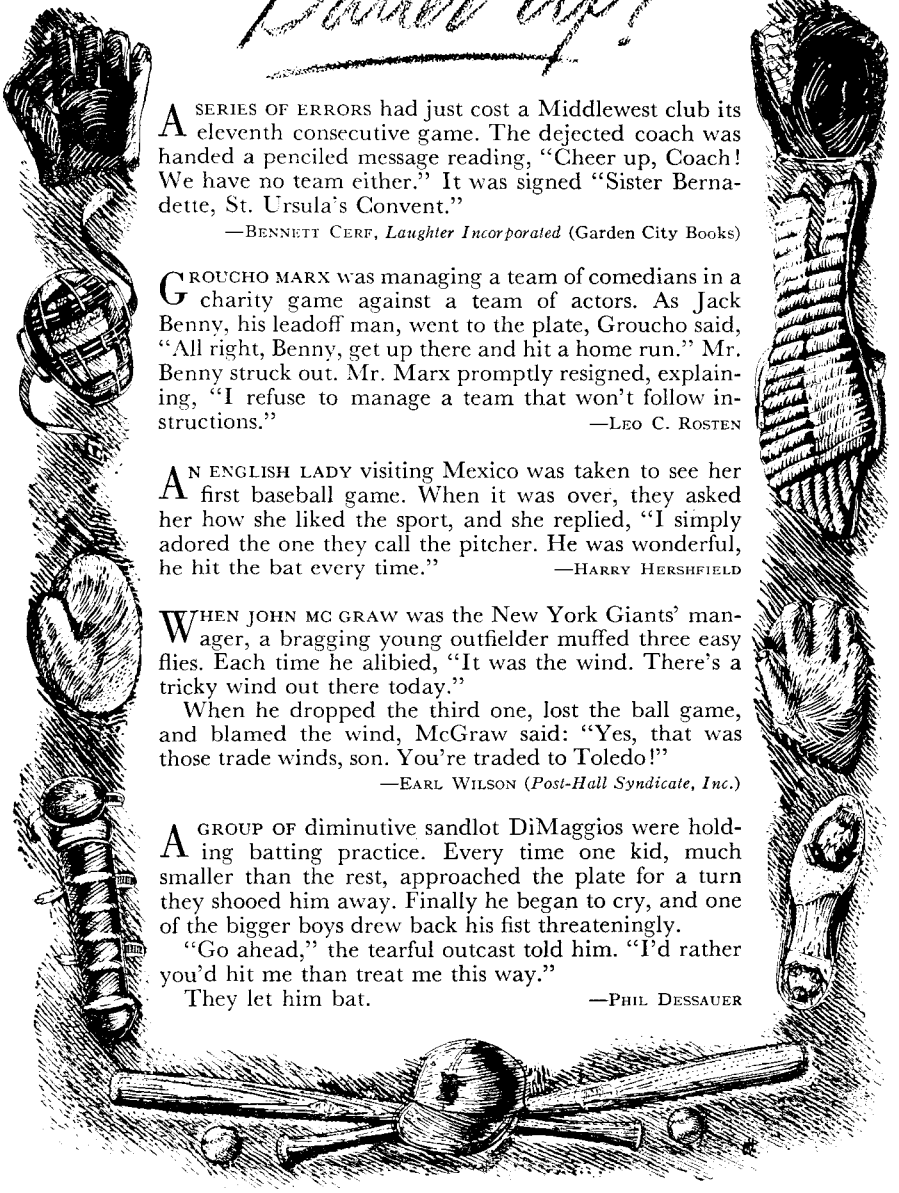
Batter Up!



A SERIES OF ERRORS had just cost a Middlewest club its eleventh consecutive game. The dejected coach was handed a penciled message reading, "Cheer up, Coach! We have no team either." It was signed "Sister Bernadette, St. Ursula's Convent."

—BENNETT CERF, *Laughter Incorporated* (Garden City Books)

GROUCHO MARX was managing a team of comedians in a charity game against a team of actors. As Jack Benny, his leadoff man, went to the plate, Groucho said, "All right, Benny, get up there and hit a home run." Mr. Benny struck out. Mr. Marx promptly resigned, explaining, "I refuse to manage a team that won't follow instructions."

—LEO C. ROSTEN

AN ENGLISH LADY visiting Mexico was taken to see her first baseball game. When it was over, they asked her how she liked the sport, and she replied, "I simply adored the one they call the pitcher. He was wonderful, he hit the bat every time."

—HARRY HERSHFIELD

WHEN JOHN MC GRAW was the New York Giants' manager, a bragging young outfielder muffed three easy flies. Each time he alibied, "It was the wind. There's a tricky wind out there today."

When he dropped the third one, lost the ball game, and blamed the wind, McGraw said: "Yes, that was those trade winds, son. You're traded to Toledo!"

—EARL WILSON (*Post-Hall Syndicate, Inc.*)

A GROUP OF diminutive sandlot DiMaggios were holding batting practice. Every time one kid, much smaller than the rest, approached the plate for a turn they shooed him away. Finally he began to cry, and one of the bigger boys drew back his fist threateningly.

"Go ahead," the tearful outcast told him. "I'd rather you'd hit me than treat me this way."

They let him bat.

—PHIL DESSAUER

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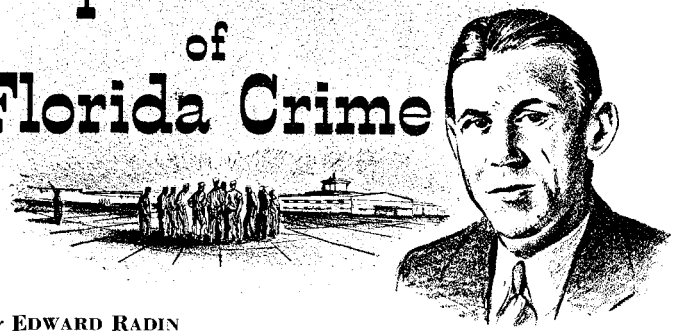
Super Sleuth of Florida Crime



by EDWARD RADIN

Picking up where other investigators stop, Buddy Gasque invariably gets his man

ON A WARM SUNDAY afternoon, a group of irate citizens met secretly in a Daytona Beach home to discuss the failure of local authorities to clean up a local situation. In days gone by, pioneers might have snatched up their muskets and settled matters themselves, but in this age, the Floridians simply sat down and wrote a letter.

Later that week, a slight, unobtrusive man registered at a motel in the resort town. A few days later he left almost as quietly as he had entered, but on the day of his departure Florida newspapers headlined the story that two Daytona Beach clubs, fronts for fashionable gambling houses, had been raided over the heads of local authorities, to the delight of a watching "Citizens' Committee."

Promptly, shutters went up on other gambling parlors in the vicinity. Meanwhile, Floridians read the raid stories with knowing smiles; it was comforting to know that Buddy Gasque was on the prowl.

In a nation that abounds in every kind of detective, Gasque emerges as a man with a post that has no imitators. As special investigator for the State of Florida, he is knight errant for nearly 2,500,000 people.

However, W. H. Gasque doesn't look the part. On the frail side and mild-mannered, he has the appearance of a faithful clerk. And yet, for several decades now, he has been charging swiftly across his native state, impaling lawbreakers on his unerring lance.

As undercover agent for the top brass in Florida, Gasque wars against public officials who are negligent, lax, or corrupt. To sheriffs scattered throughout the state, Gasque serves as a master detective, ready to rush to their aid whenever they find themselves stymied on a case, particularly murder. It is here that Gasque shines, and he has compiled an amazing record that includes bringing several hundred killers to justice.

Part of Gasque's success in get-

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ting along with local officials is due to his habit of remaining quietly in the background. Recently I read two separate accounts of a case in which Gasque's name never appeared, although court records show that he was the only major witness against the murderer.

High Springs, in the north-central part of Florida, is off the tourist path. On December 31, 1935, the town's quiet was shattered by two shots coming from the one-story Town Hall. Several men ran into the street just as Police Chief Arty L. Burton, gun in hand, dashed from the building.

Excitedly, Burton explained he had just killed a man who was robbing the cashbox of Bonnie Collins, pretty town clerk. Burton shouted to the intruder to put up his hands, but when the man reached into his pocket and ducked under a counter, Burton fired two shots, then ran into the street to yell for help.

A crowd surged with Burton into the clerk's office. A man's body lay behind the counter. He had been shot twice. Bonnie Collins was on the floor; her skull was fractured and near-by was a blood-stained wrench. The girl died in the hospital without regaining consciousness.

Everybody had assumed with Chief Burton that the thief was a stranger, but the dead man was recognized as Lee Walker, a Negro resident of the town who sold lottery tickets on the side.

Open ledgers showed that Miss Collins had been working on her accounts. The cashbox, containing about $100, was alongside. Blood on the floor showed that she had been struck down at the stove.

The Chief testified he had been with Miss Collins five minutes before the attack, when he had turned over to her some $130 in tens and twenties from his collections on the town's electric meters.

Congratulatory messages poured in to Burton for his heroism. The only sour note was sounded by Bonnie's mother, who said that Bonnie had not been her usual self for several weeks and had hinted at uncovering a town scandal. Finally Mrs. Collins repeated her tale to State's Attorney J. C. Adkins.

Several days later an affable stranger pulled into town, saying he was a traveling auditor for the state, sent to check Bonnie's books. Forty-eight hours after his arrival, a seismograph could have recorded the shock that jolted High Springs. The great hero, Burton, was in jail charged with murdering Bonnie Collins and Lee Walker. The "traveling auditor" was Buddy Gasque, and he had uncovered evidence showing that the Chief had plotted to kill Bonnie and then shoot Walker, framing the ticket seller for the murder.

The evidence had been there for all to see, but only Gasque had caught it. Burton's story about turning in the collection money in tens and twenties was obviously false, since only a few such bills had been in the cashbox, and no money was found on Walker. One shot had struck Walker in the chest and traveled upward through the body. Yet Burton had said the man was crouching behind the counter when he fired. It was obvious that Burton himself must have been crouching for the bullet to travel upward.

With two such holes in the Chief's story, Gasque needed only a little

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digging to gather evidence that Burton was a heavy gambler and in debt. Bonnie's accounts showed that the chief had misappropriated the town's meter money. Burton now is serving a life sentence.

A GOOD DETECTIVE neither accepts the seemingly obvious nor discards the impossible from his line of inquiry. Gasque was confronted with both situations in the murder of W. W. Wester of Cypress, a leading Florida political figure and one of the wealthiest men in the state, operating turpentine forests and refining plants.

A blast from a 12-gauge shotgun had taken Wester's life as he sat in his bedroom reading a newspaper. The shooting occurred at 8 P.M., just as a thunderstorm broke.

The sheriff's bloodhounds picked up the assassin's scent but lost it after following it for 200 feet along the driveway to the highway. At that spot, police saw the imprint of two toes from a torn shoe, and found some grains of white sand. Apparently the killer had stepped into a car and made his getaway.

The torn shoe indicated he was a "cracker," a native poor white, and this indicated he might be a turpentine-camp worker. But officials checked on discharged workers without turning up a lead. They further realized that a man in politics makes enemies, and inquired along these lines as well. Since Wester left a substantial estate to a large number of heirs, the officers also did not overlook this possibility. After several months, all avenues came to a dead end, and the Governor assigned Gasque to investigate.

The white beach-sand interested Buddy, since the nearest beaches were on the Gulf of Mexico, some 60 miles away. At Gasque's request, the sand was sent to the state laboratory where experts decided it had come from a stretch of beach reaching from Panama City to Port Saint Joe on the Gulf.

Among Wester's heirs, Gasque found two men: Ralph Wester, a cousin, who owned a beach cottage at Port Saint Joe; and Woodrow Wester, a nephew, who resided not far from Panama City.

Woodrow and Ralph were close friends. Moreover, Woodrow and the murdered man had quarreled the previous year when the nephew accused the uncle of having cheated his father in a business deal.

While police knew of this quarrel, they had eliminated Woodrow and Ralph as suspects because both men had been seen in a car on the road from Port Saint Joe to Panama City, at 6:30 o'clock the night of the murder, about 90 minutes before the shooting.

Since the murder scene was 103 miles away, it seemed impossible for them to have driven such a distance in 90 minutes. But Gasque refused to accept this as an impossibility. He found witnesses who said the Westers' car had been traveling at a very rapid pace. The chauffeur, who worked for Ralph, was known as an excellent driver.

Gasque picked up the driver and soon obtained a confession that he had driven Ralph and Woodrow to Cypress, where both men left the car. Woodrow was carrying a shotgun. The driver heard a shot; then the men came running to the machine and ordered him to drive back. He described the spot where

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he had been parked: it was there the beach-sand had been found. His shoes had a split sole.

Doubting officials then argued about the 103-mile ride. The chauffeur agreed to make the same run at the same hour. This time he did it in only 85 minutes!

Both Ralph and Woodrow Wester were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment.

GASQUE BEGAN his career back in 1918 as a highway patrolman on the road from Jacksonville to Jacksonville Beach. After two years of this, the youthful Buddy wangled an appointment as a deputy sheriff on the criminal-investigating squad. He gradually built up his own system of working: his friendly grin and "call me Buddy" attitude helped him to obtain information where other men found themselves running into silence.

"I guess people like to talk to me," he told his bemused superior.

The year 1932 marked the turning point for Gasque, by then chief detective for Duval County. In June, he went to a convict camp, misappropriately named Sunbeam, to investigate a report that a 19-year-old prisoner, Arthur Maillefert, had hanged himself while being punished in a sweatbox.

The box resembled a coffin standing on end. Gasque stepped into it, and even though he is no more than five feet seven, his head pressed against the top. Recalcitrant prisoners were placed in the box, their feet in irons, and directed to stand as erect as they could. Then the box was placed in the hot sun with no means of ventilation.

The head guard, Captain Courson, said Maillefert had revolted against camp discipline and finally had been placed in the sweatbox, but somehow had escaped. Bloodhounds tracked him down and again he was placed in the sweatbox, this time with a chain about his neck to prevent escape. Courson said Maillefert had used the chain to choke himself to death.

When Gasque asked to see the body, he was told the coroner had released it to the undertaker. Such speed made him curious.

He examined the body and noted the evident marks of strangulation, plus others. An autopsy performed by the county medical examiner did show strangulation to be the cause of death, but the physician couldn't explain the bruises and welts noticed by Gasque. They had no connection with a hanging.

Gasque returned to the camp and tried to interview other prisoners. To them he was a detective, and automatically on the other side; but his quiet reassurance that he was only after the truth won them over. At the end of their story, he was physically ill.

The camp was for prisoners who had committed minor offenses. Maillefert had incurred Courson's dislike when he complained of being too sick to go out with a road gang. His request for medical attention was met with a well-placed kick, and he was forced to do pick-and-shovel duty. At the end of the day, the wretched youth was placed in the sweatbox with orders to stand in it all night long.

When next day's rain canceled out road work, Courson found he now had the time really to punish Maillefert. The young prisoner was

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stripped and given an empty turpentine barrel to wear, his head fitting through a crude opening. To prevent his head from slipping through, leather thongs were rigged up, pressing against his chin.

All day long, during a pouring rain, Maillefert had to parade about the stockade, the barrel ending above his knees. The turpentine inside burned the flesh on his body.

For the second night he was placed in the sweatbox to remain upright. Next morning, still in the barrel, he was allowed to stagger out of the sweatbox, an object lesson to the other prisoners. Semi-delirious by this time, the prisoner managed to break out of the barrel, clamber over the stockade wall, and dash into the woods where mosquitoes feasted on his naked body.

Baying bloodhounds soon ran him down, and the desperate youth was marched back to camp and shackled in the sweatbox. This time his feet were fitted in stocks and the chain was placed about his neck.

For more than two days the sick youth had had practically no sleep. That afternoon, Maillefert was dead, the neck chain tight against his sagging body.

The attempt to cover up the inhuman crime only helped to kindle Gasque's anger. Without waiting to present his evidence to a grand jury, Gasque swore out a murder charge against Captain Courson, who later was sentenced to 20 years.

Gasque vividly described the punishment inflicted upon Maillefert, and a shocked public saw to it that the sweatbox was eliminated from penal institutions. Gasque's actions also led to other prison reforms, moving Florida ahead of most other Southern states in the treatment of prisoners.

The case broke during a political fight for the Democratic nomination for the office of governor, a designation tantamount to election. The man who won, Governor Dave Sholtz, had been so impressed with Gasque's work that when he took office he created the post of special investigator and appointed Gasque as his state-wide trouble shooter.

Since then, Gasque has conducted investigations in every one of the 67 Florida counties, with the criminal backgrounds varying from plushy resort areas to decaying hovels in dismal swamps. Almost invariably, he gets his man, and yet, if Buddy ever reads these words, I am sure he will smile and make some modest comment.

That's Buddy Gasque.

It's a Fact

If golf balls sprouted, there'd be no reforestation problem!
—*Ripco Ripples*

If you lean over backward in being fair, it's harder for your enemies to kick you in the pants. —*Grit*

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YOUR *Passkey* TO NEW FRIENDSHIPS

by JAMES BENDER and LEE GRAHAM

Getting along with others is an art; here are some hints on how you can master it

ONE OF THE GREATEST dangers on the road to popularity and personal power is self-centeredness. Certainly nothing will alienate people more, and nothing is so easy to slip into. Even the most self-complacent and self-centered people are usually oblivious to this fault.

Yet it can be conquered very easily. All you have to do is cultivate the ability to put yourself in the other fellow's place. You need to look behind the scenes of another person's mind before you can behave in a way that will make him like you.

Instead of complaining that you don't meet interesting people, why not look among your family and friends and co-workers, and find out what's really going on? For, despite their familiar faces and well-worn habits, each one presents a mystery—some mental quirk, some pet peeve, some peculiar point of view that you don't understand.

With practice will come mastery, and you'll be delighted with the results. For each time you succeed in putting yourself in the other fellow's place, you'll edge that much closer toward securing his friendship. You'll be building a magnificent foundation for popularity and personal power.

The best way to start is to remember that no two persons are alike. Each of us differs from the other, right down to our fingerprints, because the genes and chromosomes, those little cells which transmit heredity from our parents, can form an endless number of combinations. Then, even as babies, we are further shaped by the customs of our particular group, whether it is in a small town or a city. Perhaps, most of all, we are affected by what our mothers and fathers teach us. By the time we are grown, we have absorbed a good part of their habits and beliefs and ideals.

The whole picture is one of breath-taking variety. And it is this amazing variety that makes life interesting.

Take, for example, the way people differ in expressing their emotions. Suppose you were walking through a factory and that, as you stepped inside the woodworking department, you saw seven carpenters at a bench strike their left thumbs at the same moment. How would each of them react to the pain?

The first one would suck in his

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breath between his teeth. The second one would swear softly. The third would blow furiously on his aching thumb. The fourth would hop up and down on one foot. The fifth would wave his hand violently in the air. The sixth would whistle and shrug his shoulders. And the seventh might actually get tears in his eyes as he watched his thumb redden and swell.

But no two of them would have reacted to the same kind of pain in exactly the same way. Now, that doesn't make any one of them better than the others. It just makes him different.

Another aid to putting yourself in the other fellow's place is the fact that all of us differ in learning abilities and intelligence. You've probably seen it happen in the department where you work, while you watched newcomers take to their jobs. Some, you've marveled to yourself, catch on like fire and soon feel at home. Others are bewildered and require much more time. One asks dozens of questions, until you want to groan, about each step of his duties. Another is annoyingly self-confident, as if he knew more than you. Maybe half of them start off with a bang, whereas the other half need several days before they gain the slightest momentum.

Such differences prevail as much among those at the top as they do among folks without their names on the door. To test this point the National Institute for Human Relations measured the abilities of 30 young executives.

It was found, among other things, that one of them could read seven times faster than the slowest member of the group. Two of them had trouble adding figures quickly; one of them had trouble just adding at all. Four claimed they wouldn't give a nickel for their knowledge of spelling and punctuation. Yet all of them held down big jobs and were paying income taxes in the upper brackets.

Which proves that natural endowment isn't the whole basis for success. Rather, it is the art of getting along well with others, of which putting yourself in the next fellow's place is an essential part.

But, in remembering how we differ from one another, we shouldn't forget that we are alike in one respect. Each of us has his compensating strong points. In some, these strong points are as obvious as a bright light turned on in a dark room. In others, they are more obscure, like a photographic film that shows nothing until it has been dipped in the right solution.

We have to believe this if we believe in the God-given dignity of man. Otherwise, we can never enjoy the comfort of knowing that all of us are necessary in the great scheme of life.

WHILE IT'S GOOD to know your own worth, it's bad to overestimate it. For, many people whom you consider inferior may, in turn, consider you beneath them.

The things you take pride in, others may sneer at. They are in large part a matter of background and custom. Who can say which are better? Keep this in mind, for without it you can never understand the other fellow's point of view.

You've met the New Englander who claims his clam chowder made with milk is ten times tastier than

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the Manhattan clam chowder made with tomatoes. You've heard of the Texan who boasts that the Lone Star State has prettier girls than any other. You know the Californian who insists that his climate is second to none. And, of course, you're always running into the Joneses down the street, who argue that their television set is better than yours.

Not that all these folks really believe in their exalted opinions of themselves. They may only be bolstering up their inner feelings of inadequacy by the noise of an outward shouting. But that doesn't matter. The point is this: they want others to recognize their importance. They want it so badly that they often go to extremes in their behavior.

Understand this, and you have another clue in solving the mystery of the next fellow's personality. Even if you think he is totally wrong in his attitude of "I'm much better than you," don't condemn him. Either his upbringing has given him standards different from yours, or, more often, he is confused about his own worth. In either case he craves your appreciation; he wants you to recognize his importance.

Sometimes you come across people who affect you the way a pompous young man affected Joseph Choate, the prominent lawyer. He happened to be very busy when a young man called on him.

"Won't you please take a chair and wait," he said, looking up politely from his desk.

"I don't think you understand," interrupted the youth impatiently, "I am Bishop Blank's son."

"Oh," said Mr. Choate, "in that case please take two chairs."

Most of us, however, can't react constantly with that much wit. But we can react with tolerance. It won't get us a reputation for being brilliant, but it will get us a reputation for being nice. And that packs a lot more weight than anything else when it comes to making friends.

THERE ARE TWO SITUATIONS in life when the art of seeing the other person's point of view is indispensable—when you're looking for a job, and when you feel your family is getting on your nerves.

Unfortunately, most of us plunge into these problems brimming over with self-centeredness. We are so upset by our own fears and desires that we ignore the emotions of the other person. We don't know what he wants and, in our tension and frenzy, we don't care.

Self-concentration, which is natural in childhood, should fade with the passing years. But, in many persons, it doesn't. The holier-than-thou folks would call them "selfish." But the psychiatrists, who have more understanding, would say that they are "victims of arrested development." Even at the age of 50, they still behave according to patterns they formed in childhood. They're still indulging in the same temper tantrums, the same daydreaming, the same oversensitiveness to imagined hurts.

Don't conclude, however, that by putting yourself in the other fellow's place you will be burying your own personality. On the contrary, you will be enlarging yourself into a better person. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says in his book, *On Being a Real Person:*

"A person who has genuinely

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identified himself with other persons has done something of first-rate importance for himself. Hitherto he has lived, let us say, in a mind like a room surrounded by mirrors. Every way he turned he saw himself. Now, however, some of the mirrors change to windows. He can see through them to new interests."

This expansion of yourself through seeing other points of view isn't easy to do. It requires wit and intelligence and keen imagination. But it can be yours, like any other skill, if you want to master it through a concrete plan of practice.

In England there is a school that teaches this very subject. In the course of a semester, every young student has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, and one day when he cannot speak. For example, the night before the blind day, his eyes are bandaged so that when he wakes up in the morning he cannot see. The other children lead him around and give him help. Through this object lesson he comes close to grasping what it is really like to be sightless. And those who help him, since they were "blind" themselves, are able to guide him with unusual understanding. None of them, when he grows up, ever again has any trouble putting himself in the other fellow's place.

It's all a matter of remembering that each of us thinks and acts on a different plane, according to our chromosomes and the way we are conditioned. We have different reactions, abilities, standards, and faults, none of which is especially better or worse than the others.

Weaving this knowledge into our daily behavior creates an enriched personality, a sympathy and tolerance otherwise impossible. It is the true mark of culture and sophistication. And only those who have it can ever enjoy the game of good human relations.

Giving Them the Bird

TO A PROGRESSIVE brick manufacturer in Pennsylvania, who was seeking new business, novelty of approach seemed to be the desirable way to the attainment of his objective. He decided to bring into service his own hobby—breeding carrier pigeons.

How could he make his feathered friends work for him? It was quite simple. Whenever he heard of anyone about to build a house within a radius of a few hundred miles, he shipped the contractor a pigeon by parcel post. The bird carried a letter describing the manufacturer's bricks and quoting prices, terms, and so on.

Few prospects could resist this novel appeal. Generally the pigeon flew back to his owner with an order or a note inviting the brick manufacturer's representative to call and talk things over. On one trip a pigeon brought back an order for 700,000 bricks!

—*Christian Science Monitor*

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Escape!

ONE DAY IN MARCH, 1950, three Central European airliners headed for Prague unexpectedly turned southwest. In one, the pilot flew with a pistol at his head. A passenger in another, looking down as the plane circled an airfield, exclaimed, "Why, this isn't Prague!"

And it wasn't. It was Munich—in the American zone of Germany—terminus of a dramatic escape from behind the Iron Curtain.

Carefully planned by 16 crew members of the three planes, it won them permanent refuge in the West and freedom from the Russian dictatorship that had rolled across Eastern Europe like a deadly fog.

They were not the first. By 1947, the trickle of refugees from the East had become a flood. Rumanians, Czechs, Germans—they stole across the Soviet-controlled borders in a desperate flight for freedom. Some, like the Russian who walked 1,200 miles from Minsk to Munich, were ordinary citizens who could no longer tolerate the oppression of a slave state. Others, like Rumania's Emil Ghilezan (*above, with wife and American-born son*) were noncommunist government officials. They had to escape or die. Here is the story of some of them.

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Ferenc Nagy was in Switzerland when the communists seized power in his native Hungary. Securing his young son, he fled to the U. S. He earned enough from the sale of articles to buy a farm.

The free world will not forget Oksana Kasenkina's dramatic leap for freedom from the third floor of the Soviet's New York consulate. Critically injured, she was granted refuge by the U. S.

In 1946, ex-Rumanian premier Nikolae Radescu, Red agents at his heels, leaped aboard a plane as it was taking off and escaped. Now in the U. S., he is head of the Rumanian National Council.

Shortly after Emil Ghilezan slipped into the American Zone of Vienna, the satellite lackeys of Moscow took violent action to close the Allied-Russian borders: trees were plowed up to allow the guards a clear view; border police were reinforced with police dogs; a bounty was offered for every escapee caught —dead or alive. The Russians were frantic lest the truth about their police empire filter across the East-West boundary.

Still they came. On foot and on skis, in freight cars and battered autos, they drifted across the borders like ghosts and became free men in a free world. By 1950, it was estimated that 10,000,000 had found chinks in the Iron Curtain.

Before the cold war began, the

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Peter Pirogov was a Russian flier. One day, he "borrowed" a Red plane and landed in Austria. Invited to Virginia, he now appears on panels sponsored by the Research Institute of America.

Shortly after Dr. Georgi Dimitrov was given sanctuary by the U. S. representative in Sofia, his closest political associate was executed. Dimitrov fled Bulgaria, now lives in Washington, D. C.

U. S. and Britain had helped the Russians to repatriate their nationals. When they learned that repatriation often consisted of kidnaping, sometimes assassination, the Western Allies began to offer sanctuary to the dispossessed. Though the Russians fumed and blustered, the courageous souls of 13 shattered nations had found a haven.

Life has not been easy for them. They are welcomed into France, but it is difficult for them to find work there. The new D.P. law of the U.S. is another barrier. Yet, night and day, they slip into France, Italy, Western Germany, anywhere in Free Europe. For them, it is, as a former university professor put it, "like finding bread after starvation, life after death."

When Thomas Masaryk was fashioning a Czechoslovak republic, Dr. Stefan Osusky *(left)* was one of his chief aides. That put him on the Red blacklist. Now he lectures at Colgate University.

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Animal Brain Trust

THE COY GORILLA above, psychologists agree, reflects the true shy, retiring nature of this much-misunderstood animal. During many years of testing every type of animal, scientists have observed that the gorilla will make an unbecoming retreat from anyone with the courage to growl back at him should he approach in a moment

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Cats, considered by some psychologists to be the sixth most intelligent animal, learn easiest from trial and error. In most tests, alley cats have demonstrated a greater ability to think for themselves than have those owned by food-providing cat fanciers.

of pretended bravery, and the tests have also established that the gorilla rates third in intelligence among his fellow-beasts.

Ratings of animal intelligence are based on three types of actions: instinctive, learned, and reasoned. Because of differences in animal bodies, not all of them can take the same tests, and for this reason there has been some variance among scientists in listing the top ten. Prof. C. J. Warden, Director of the Animal Laboratory at Columbia University, who devised many of the tests, reached the evaluation presented on these pages, and his findings reflect the conclusions of many of his fellow-scientists.

With equipment designed to meet their individual physical limitations, animals are tested for their ability to solve minor problems and make selections. The chimpanzee, recognized by many as the most intelligent animal, can easily open a puzzle box, regardless of the number of trick locks, and will become bored if the test is too simple. Raccoons, which are excellent escape artists, solve the puzzles in a few seconds, and seem to enjoy showing off their impressive abilities.

A dog, on the other hand, can be

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The dog, man's best friend and probably the most loved animal, ranks fifth in intelligence. Masters can teach obedient dogs numerous tricks, but the canine reasoning power is surprisingly low.

Most intelligent of animals tested is the chimpanzee, here with an affectionate arm around a demure orangutan, which rates second to him. In fourth place for reasoning ability is the monkey.

Rated seventh, the raccoon competes with the chimpanzee as the zoo comedian. Though an intense curiosity makes him an easy victim of glittering traps, it aids in solving difficult IQ puzzles.

taught to step on a lever to open the box, but is baffled if the position of the box is even slightly changed. Chimpanzees, when pitted against human beings their own age, have rated higher than children in certain IQ tests.

The plate-pattern test, in which the animal works his way over a path of colored plates to a food box, is simple for a monkey, which can easily cover a 22-plate pattern. A horse, however, has trouble remembering which of three boxes contains his food, despite the bucket placed next to it as a clue. A well-fed cat won't even take the test.

Dog, cat, and horse lovers often take issue with the highly rated apes, and they challenge scientists with: "If primates are so bright,

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Horse lovers resent that their favorite rates last among the top ten intelligent animals. In tests, horses have displayed only a modest mentality and have lacked any creditable powers of reasoning.

The lowly porker outsmarts the far more admired horse, and ranks ninth. Pigs display a high selectivity and are able to pass animal IQ food-finding tests which ordinarily baffle more admired horses.

why aren't they more functional and companionable to Man?" Psychologists reply that routine soon bores the higher primates, and they create havoc when repeatedly subjected to a process that strikes them as being a little dull. One researcher has expressed the suspicion that the ape is so exceptionally intelligent that he deliberately refuses to be pressed into the service of a species he recognizes to be much too close of kin to be his master.

Scientists disregard obedience, loyalty, and beauty in judging the animals. Brains alone count. In this, none compete with the chimpanzee whose mental powers are so extraordinarily great that, if he is not Man's ancestor, he is, many scientists agree, Man's cousin.

An ability to learn has won the elephant eighth place among the most intelligent animals. His memory is overrated, however. He must be re-taught his job or tricks regularly to keep in shape.

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In the past 20 years, the world has known little peace. Now it is mobilized again.

20 CRUCIAL YEARS

by LOWELL THOMAS

The author is a top CBS commentator.

PICTURED HERE are what I believe to be the outstanding news events of the past two decades. Some were happy; many recall pain and agony. But these are the emotions attending any period of labor. And that is what is really pictured here—the labor pains of a world.

From the misery of man's most terrible war has come the United Nations. From the horror of Hiroshima has come the awesome potential of atomic energy.

The birth of a child is traditionally the occasion for an inspiring emotion: hope. How much more so then with the birth of a new world! I start my third decade as an observer of world affairs for CBS with the unfailing hope that it will see a justification of the two just past.

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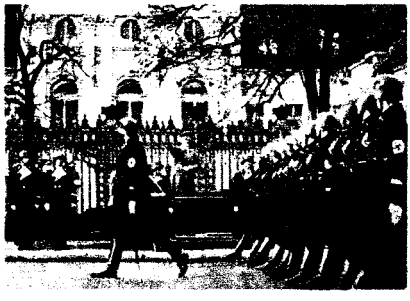
1931. Writhing in the grip of world-wide depression, England suddenly abandoned the gold standard. The stability of the pound sterling was severely shaken.

1932. Though the U. S. was scarred by widespread poverty, it welcomed the election of Franklin Roosevelt, was cheered by his faith in the future.

1933. Across the sea, a shadow was gathering. The aging Marshal von Hindenburg turned over the chancellorship of Germany to a man named Adolf Hitler.

1934. Then the Fascist hordes of Italy's Duce smashed across the borders of defenseless Ethiopia. Haile Selassie begged the world for help, but it never came.



1935. Ranting his defiance, Hitler tore the Versailles Treaty to shreds and ordered German conscription. The Nazi machine grew. The shadow lengthened.

1936. The Spanish Civil War ended the European armistice. The dictators welcomed Franco to their fold and tested their men and weapons on Spanish soil.

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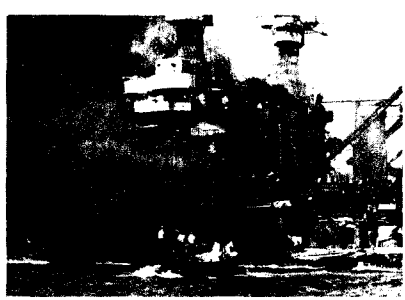
1937. Across the world, the Japanese invaded China. Their air attacks on defenseless cities and on the U. S. gunboat *Panay* were a portent of the future.

1938. The Munich Conference marked the climax of the policy of appeasement. Chamberlain promised peace, but a few months later Hitler took Czechoslovakia.

1939. On August 21, Hitler secured his flank with a Russian nonaggression pact. Only 11 days later, his soldiers invaded Poland. World War II had begun.

1940. This Frenchman weeps for his land which has just fallen to the Nazis. England fought back against withering air attack. F. D. R. won a third term.



1941. In June, Stalin learned that you can't do business with Hitler. Russia was invaded. Then, on December 7, the Japanese struck, and we were in it, too.

1942. It was a black year, but the Allies fought back. Marines landed on Guadalcanal. Americans poured into North Africa. Next year, Italy surrendered.

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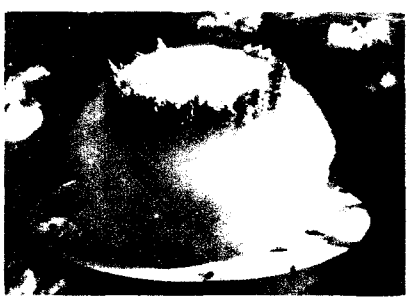
1944. When the Allies hit the Normandy beaches June 6, the end was in sight. In the Pacific, "island-hopping" had recovered most of the ground we had lost.

1945. America's leader died, but he knew victory was ours. On May 7, Germany surrendered. Hiroshima was leveled by the atomic bomb, and Japan yielded.



1946. Nazi war criminals were tried and hanged. At Bikini, the A-bomb was tested. In 1947, the Marshall Plan became our best weapon in the cold war.

1948. The State of Israel was born. Gandhi was assassinated, Berlin blockaded, and Truman re-elected. In 1949, the Communists overran all of China.

1949. Having long bided their time, Mao Tse-tung and his communist followers now swept across China and placed that unhappy nation under the Reds' rule.

1950. Under the blue banner of the United Nations, U.S. troops went to war in Korea. Many fell, but the principle for which they fight will prevail.

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Earl Wilson interviews Sonja Henie and her husband at El Morocco

"It Happened Last Night"

YEARS AGO, EARL WILSON, whose night-life column winks at the rest of the world from the lighter side of Broadway, casually told his mother-in-law that he wanted to get up at 10 o'clock one particular morning. "Being a literal woman," he reveals now, "she's been waking me at 10 ever since." And 10 is when his column, *It Happened Last Night*, begins taking shape.

Five minutes after he has "showered and orange-juiced myself to life," Wilson is launched on a monumental daily schedule. Before it is over, 17 hours later, he will have exhausted two assistants, his wife, and his mother-in-law. With the placid equanimity of a dreadnought plowing through a high sea, he will have visited a dozen night spots and talked to a score of celebrities. Finally, in the small hours of morning, he will have pounded out next day's column before collapsing in his bed. That is part of the story of how *It Happened Last Night.*

In doing his research, the author

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The omnipresent notebook in hand and ready, Earl Wilson corners lovely Ilona Massey at a Broadway first night. Wilson's questions, rarely conventional, usually provoke delightfully frank answers. His favorite query: "True or falsie?"

Wilson's column took shape through trial and error, "mostly error," he adds wryly. If the subjects of his rollicking stories are not famous, they are beautiful, as is this statuesque Latin Quarter girl. Usually, however, they are both.

Copacabana lovelies tell their secrets. Beneath his air of gaiety, Wilson maintains a judicious reserve about what to print. Because he has never violated a trust, Earl got exclusive stories from Ingrid Bergman and Rita Hayworth.

"Anyone can find me at Toots Shor's at 11," Wilson says. Headquarters for Broadway habitués, radio and sports luminaries *(Joe DiMaggio, left)*, Earl adds, "Only thing wrong with Toots' is that I can never bring myself to leave."

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Interviewing Faye Emerson *(left)*, Earl Wilson is ably supported by "the B. W." (Wilsonese for his beautiful wife, Rosemary). His column refers to her frequently and jocularly ("She came to New York to win a fortune, or somebody") and only rarely does he admit that they met in a rooming house. Until recently, Rosemary made the rounds with Earl. Now she quits after dinner and theater openings. "She'd rather stay home and play canasta with her girl friends," Wilson explains.

From Toots Shor's, Wilson checks with his night-time assistant who starts his rounds at 6 in the evening. They map out their plans then and don't see each other again until 1 A.M. when they meet at Earl's apartment to compare notes.

of any future Broadway history will have to study Earl Wilson. His crisp observations on the Gay White Way have stamped Wilson a latter-day humorist, although he himself shrugs off his work as "an assay of pulchritude."

When Wilson conceived the column in 1942, it didn't seem that a shoehorn could squeeze another Broadway series into the papers. But the former Ohio Sunday-school teacher was so obviously smitten with Broadway that he forgot to take it seriously. In insouciant word pictures, he laughed so hard that he forgot to gossip or make earth-moving predictions. Today, he is still laughing, and his delight is so infectious that 23,000,000 readers are laughing with him.

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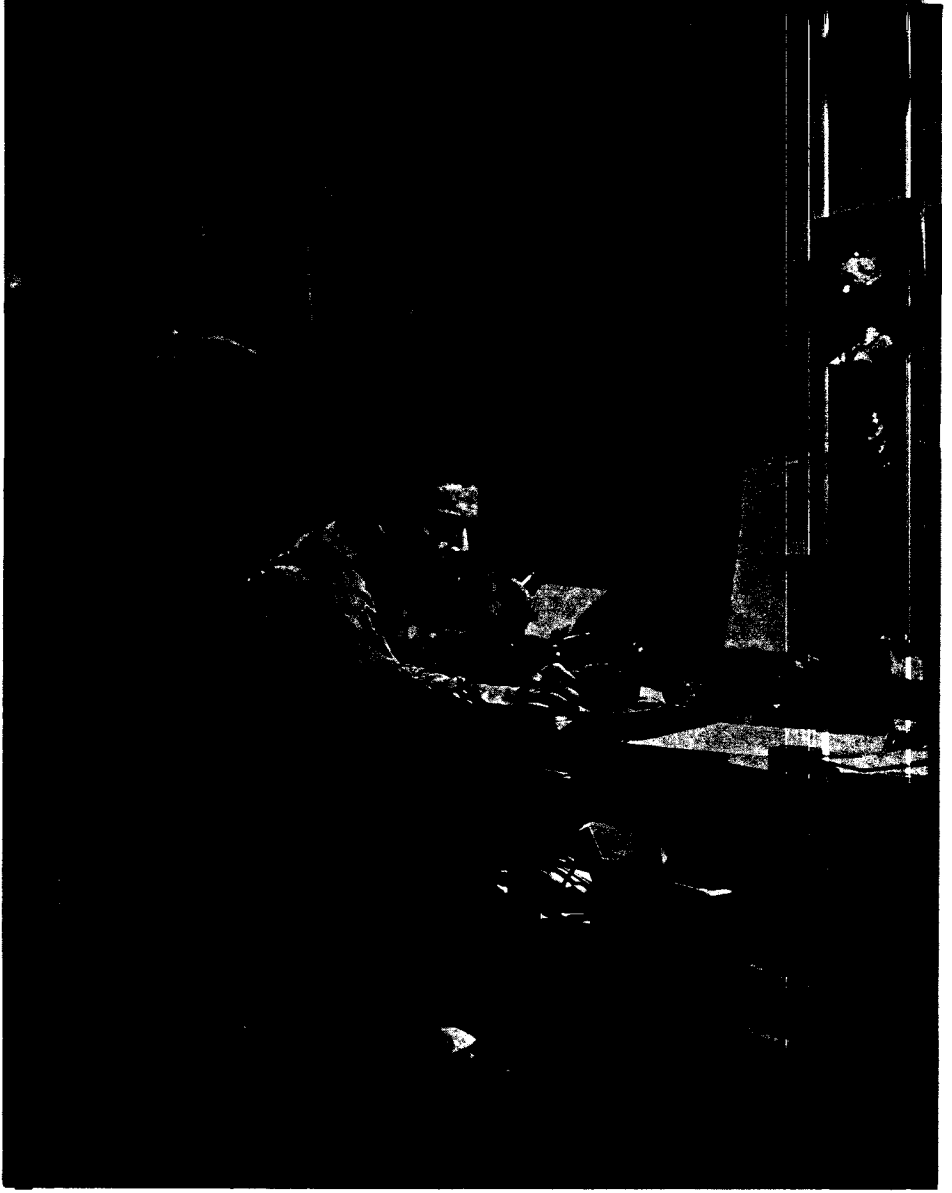

It Happened Last Night **comes to life in two unused maids' rooms in Wilson's West End Avenue apartment. Here he reports his triumphs—and his disappointments. One disappointment he nursed for a long time was his failure to get to see Marshal Tito on his last trip to Europe. Then he heard that Quentin Reynolds had been unable to interview the Yugoslav chief either, and philosophized, "If a war correspondent couldn't do it, why should a lowly saloon editor moan and groan?"**

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Pickaback Babies

Eskimo babies ride inside a parka hood.

In Manchuria, babies travel pickaback.

IN THE REMOTE CORNERS of the world, far from modern nurseries and streamlined perambulators, a native mother must hold constant vigilance over her baby to keep him alive. By American standards, the hardships of life make her task a losing struggle. Her endless toil in the fields and in the forests keeps her away from home for long hours, and so she must carry her baby on her back wherever she goes.

Thus, whether she is working in a rice field, paddling in her umiak across an Arctic bay, or walking a lonely jungle path to barter in a distant village, her baby, awake or asleep, jostles against her weary shoulders; and, like mothers everywhere, she is ready at every moment to comfort him, feed him, coddle him, or croon him to sleep with a plaintive lullaby.

Guatemalan babes are cradled in shawls.

Tight garments hold Madagascan tots.

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Correction, Please

Using the right words in the right sequence can make a great deal of difference in your success as a speaker or writer. Here are ten familiar phrases in which one word is wrong. Can you correct them?

1. Oh, say can you see, by the morn's early light
2. Little pictures have big ears
3. Fourscore and seven years ago our forefathers brought forth on this continent a new nation
4. "Will you come into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly
5. To be, or not to be: this is the question
6. Life, Liberty and the pursued of Happiness
7. 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
8. Hope springs eternal in the human heart
9. Listen, my children, and you will hear
10. One nation, indismissable, with liberty and justice for all.

ILLUSTRATED BY PIOTR DIMITRI

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INDIA EDWARDS: Queen-Maker of Washington

by TRIS COFFIN

Her whirlwind crusade to put women in key Government posts is paying off handsomely

A MATRONLY woman who looks like a prototype president of the Daughters of the American Revolution is the Queen-Maker of Washington and, if her admirers are right, could give pointers to Catherine the Great. She is Mrs. India Edwards, known as "the woman's Jim Farley." Currently she wields more influence on the Washington scene than any man outside the White House and Cabinet.

Technically, Mrs. Edwards is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, as well as director of the Women's Division, but these titles are mostly a blind. If you can believe even half of what her male detractors say, India Edwards is the leader of a giant conspiracy to unseat man in government and, in the process of achieving her coveted goal, has done more for her sex than the Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution.

At first glance, she appears the solid and amply proportioned clubwoman who long ago resigned herself to sensible shoes and dresses, and indulges in an occasional wild hat. (Mrs. Edwards likes a bright-red chapeau.) But this sedate appearance is deceiving. In reality, the Queen-Maker is a self-propelled tornado with shrewd wit and a straight-from-the-shoulder manner of talking. One of her male admirers says appreciatively: "India is a man's woman. She tells you exactly what she wants and doesn't waste time being coy."

A few of the Queens whom this extraordinary lady has crowned are Perle Mesta, the gaily controversial Minister to Luxembourg and Washington hostess; Frieda Hennock, the lovely and efficient Federal Communications Commissioner; Georgia Neese Clark, Treasurer of the United States; Eugenie Anderson, Ambassador to Denmark, and a long list of Federal judges, United

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Nations delegates, and government deputies. Thanks to India Edwards' zeal and machinations since 1944, more women hold important jobs in the United States Government than ever before.

Recently, a Southern Senator who had been bested by India in a contest for a key job, growled at her: "You want a woman on every Federal commission."

Mrs. Edwards thought a moment, then replied cheerfully, "You are exactly correct, Senator."

President Truman, a notable convert to the Edwards "we must-have-more-women-in-government" cult, once asked her why she worked so hard at helping her sisters step into the rare atmosphere of upstairs Washington. She replied spiritedly: "It is ridiculous to have government so preponderantly male. Women have a right to be in the councils that decide war and peace, prosperity or depression. There are as many of us as there are men, and we are just as concerned with what is going on as they are."

INDIA EDWARDS' influence spreads far beyond running a glorified employment bureau. She has her busy fingers in high policy and has established a reputation as a clairvoyant who can read the public mind. But her political technique is a mystery that not even her closest associates dare to explore. One of her most devoted staff members says discreetly, "The less I know about India's methods, the better."

The truth is, India performs like a great general, and her conquest of Harry Truman was as beautifully planned as the Normandy landings. The President comes from southern Missouri where the men folks believe that women's place is in the home. The idea of a female sitting behind a desk in government, deciding what millions of men should do, sounded to Mr. Truman as revolutionary as Marxist doctrine.

India enlisted the aid of one of Washington's least known but most sensible figures, Bess Truman. She also appealed to the highly developed political sense of the President. "Do you know that women are the largest group of nonvoters?" she asked. "Do you know that if these millions could be attracted to the Democratic Party, elections would be a walkaway? Why don't you show that you believe in them by appointing women to important positions in government?"

To an awed colleague who asked for the Edwards success formula, India replied: "The secret is to get the woman's name in a hurry to the White House, before the men can object and have their own candidates ready."

When asked the inevitable question, "How do you find out about these jobs?" Mrs. Edwards winks merrily and replies: "You have to keep your eyes and ears open."

Actually, there is much more to it than that. Women all over the country who believe in Mrs. Edwards' cause tip her off on likely candidates. It may be a woman who arose at a local Parent-Teacher meeting and explained intelligently the need for a new high-school library. The source may be a friendly radio producer who tells Mrs. Edwards of a bright female lawyer who appeared on a forum program.

The name, plus everything Mrs. Edwards can gather on the candi-

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date, goes into her "Pandora's Box"—a small cabinet where candidates are filed under such categories as "social worker," "diplomat," "administrator." India's only regret is that so few candidates are listed.

"It's a shame I can't get more women's organizations to send me names of really capable prospects," she says. "Why, there are scores of Washington jobs I could fill if I had just the right woman!"

India has only three "musts" for her protégées. First, they must be capable. She assured Don Dawson, the President's personnel manager: "The greatest humiliation of my life would be if one of my candidates turned out sour."

Second, they must be presentable. Mrs. Edwards is not interested in the Phi Beta Kappa or diamond-in-the-rough type. She also bars those who rely on willowy hips and sidelong glances to win friends and influence people. India does not rule out sex as a handy weapon, but she figures that man, being a contrary creature, does not like heavy doses during office hours.

Third, the candidates must be acceptable to their Senators—and this for a very practical reason. If any of India's protégées are stopped by the Senate, she might as well turn in her White House pass and go back to housekeeping.

IN WASHINGTON, a host of women government executives, hostesses, and girl reporters are India's "spies." They listen hungrily for hints that a big job may be open soon. This news is rushed to India in her plain, even ascetic office. There the square-shouldered matron searches through her file diligently, pulls out a card, and maps out her campaign.

A typical case was the successful drive to land a woman on the Federal Communications Commission, which controls the radio and television industry. On an advance tip that a commissioner was leaving, India looked up Paul Porter, former FCC chairman, and asked what kind of woman might make the grade. He answered she must be a good lawyer, respected in the trade.

India sent out word to her agents and in due course picked Frieda Hennock, a top-notch New York attorney. She is not only capable but attractive—this latter virtue being counted on to melt the resistance of certain "men-only" Senators.

Next move was to remark to Mr. Truman: "Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a woman on the FCC? Women are very concerned about radio and its influence on the home."

The President, a radio fan himself, thought this made sense. And before he could cool off, India produced the name of Miss Hennock.

What could a mere man do? The President named Miss Hennock and was bombarded for weeks by angry politicians and radio executives who had candidates of their own.

This triumph, however, was only half the battle. A rocky path through Senate confirmation lay ahead. The Senate reacted to Miss Hennock with a time-honored device: it did nothing. Her name gathered dust on the legislative calendar until the final days of the session.

India canceled her vacation plans, rolled up her sleeves, and moved to Capitol Hill. She pleaded, prodded, made deals like the

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old master, Jim Farley. And finally, Miss Hennock was confirmed!

Another campaign was India's drive to get women into the diplomatic service. Her husband, Herbert T. Edwards, is a State Department official, and India has been eying that male "closed shop" for a long time. She said to a friend: "I don't see why men think only they can negotiate for peace. They've done an awful job, in my opinion. Why don't we get some women in the State Department?"

Her first trials were rebuffed firmly but politely. India sat down to think. What woman in all Washington did the President and Mrs. Truman like best? It was Perle Mesta, at whose salon Mr. Truman could relax and pound happily on the piano. Mrs. Edwards delicately planted the seed with Mrs. Mesta. Wouldn't it be wonderful for the U. S. to have a lady diplomat? Then India went to work on the President. Mr. Truman was delighted at the chance to repay Mrs. Mesta for her kindness to the Trumans in those first unhappy days after they moved to the White House. And it wasn't long before Perle was named Minister to Luxembourg.

Next, India beckoned in Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, a wealthy Minnesota housewife and mother, who is doing an exceptional job as Ambassador to Denmark. Then Mrs. Edwards arranged a diplomatic appointment that revealed her keen sense of news values and timing.

The communist propaganda machine all over the world was trying to turn nonwhite races against the U. S. by lurid tales of persecution of Negroes here. Mrs. Edwards prevailed upon the President to appoint, as alternate U. S. delegate to the United Nations, Mrs. Edith S. Sampson, a Negro lawyer and social worker from Chicago.

India first noticed Mrs. Sampson at a Town Meeting broadcast, checked her through the National Council of Negro Women, and enthusiastically told the President: "Mrs. Sampson has a brilliant record and can stand up and talk back intelligently to any Cominform delegate in the UN."

India Edwards is an expert on human nature, for she learned her lessons in Chicago's hard-boiled school of journalism during the Roaring Twenties. She was a girl reporter on the *Tribune* until she became society editor and then women's page editor. Actually, her battle for women started in those newspapering days. She recalled recently:

"When I was on the *Tribune*, my chief problem was to keep women out of the men's hair. Most of the men didn't like them around, and started snarling at the sight of a skirt making for a typewriter."

This training in a school somewhat different from a ladies' seminary shows up in India's methods of direct action. It also accounts for one of her chief characteristics.

"India is indestructible," says one of her protégées. "She can be rebuffed, turned down cold, but she never gives up. Every appointment she puts over means blood, sweat, and tears."

Modestly, Mrs. Edwards com-

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ments: "I've developed a rhinoceros hide, thanks to my newspaper days."

Mrs. Edwards entered national politics in 1944, after losing her only son in World War II. She decided the world might be a safer and saner place if more women had something to say about running it. She walked into Democratic National Headquarters in Washington and volunteered to work for nothing in the 1944 campaign. By 1948, she was helping the President pick the issues and the tactics.

Periodically, India dashes into the hinterlands, ostensibly to make a speech but really to take political bearings. Tirelessly she asks questions of women at meetings, in stores, in the home.

"What worries you most? Do you think there are communists in the State Department? What do you think can be done for peace? How do you like Harry Truman?" When she returns, she goes directly to the top and tells what she thinks women expect from their Government.

Many women ask India how they can break the male hold on politics and government. Invariably she replies: "Get in on the local political level. If more women would volunteer to ring doorbells, they would get greater recognition."

All those who meet Mrs. Edwards inevitably pose the same big question: "When do you think a woman will be nominated to the national presidential ticket?"

She puts a finger pensively on her cheek and replies solemnly, "It will be a long, long time. There is still too much feeling against our sex. Anyone who predicts that a woman will be nominated for President or Vice-President in this generation is going in for wishful thinking."

If that is right, and India usually is right, she is living a generation too early for her own good. For, as the politicians in the smoke-filled rooms say, India Edwards is "a natural for the ticket."

The Perfect Lady—1851 Style

SHE WHO WISHES to win a heart should never permit her admirers to behold her at cards, as the anxiety they produce is destructive to beauty and sentiment.

If a lady is asked to sing for a group she must do so willingly and modestly—but must not sing songs descriptive of masculine passion or sentiment.

When alone with him, a lady may address her husband by his Christian name if she so desires.

If a lady is invited to take wine, she must never refuse; it is very *gauche* to do so.

If a lady waltz with you, beware not to press her waist; lightly touch it with the open palm lest you leave a disagreeable impression not only on her costume but on her mind.

Married ladies ought to be very careful about shaking hands promiscuously, as it leads to scandal.

—Old Etiquette Books

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"FINEST LETTUCE EVER GROWN"

by OLGA DAVIDSON

Bibb, a once-exclusive salad green, is now a household favorite from coast to coast

FOR GENERATIONS, the first families of Kentucky have been proud to serve dinner guests a delicate, succulent lettuce with the plain though serviceable name of Bibb. Up to ten years ago the trim little plant with the aristocratic flavor was virtually unknown outside that gracious state. Today it is grown or marketed in almost every state of the Union, and seems to be its own best salesman, promoter, and public-relations representative.

Whenever a discriminating person meets Bibb, he becomes a convert and spreads the word among friends. Its partisans consider Bibb the thoroughbred of the lettuce family, and their word-of-mouth campaign is largely responsible for the now-widespread popularity of a once-exclusive favorite.

The lettuce was developed by John Bibb, one of Kentucky's early settlers, in his Frankfort gardens. Here it attracted the attention of guests, who carried off seeds to start patches of their own.

For many years neither plant nor seed was commercially exploited. Visitors to Kentucky sometimes remembered a delicious salad green they had eaten there, a tender leaf that seemed to combine the flavors of watercress and romaine, but their seed catalogues didn't list it and Northern seed-store men had no suggestions to offer. In time, however, some of the larger Kentucky estates started sending a few ounces of seed each year to a company in Louisville. Growers planted it and, eventually, Bibb began to appear on the menus of fine hotels in other states.

Ten years ago, Bibb received its first big push into prominence when a Northern bulb man was lunching in the world-famous Pump Room at Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel. Dipping into his salad bowl, Abe Miller of the American Bulb Company took his first taste of what he later termed "the first real lettuce" he had ever eaten. Miller summoned the waiter, was directed to the kitchen, then led to a storage room where, on a crate, he found the name of a Kentucky grower.

Back at his office he wrote to the

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Bunton Seed Company of Louisville for seed. He paid $10 a pound for that first order, and claims he was lucky. In his enthusiasm, he would gladly have overpaid for the privilege of listing Bibb in his own catalogue, thus introducing it to a widespread gardening public, stretching from coast to coast.

In California, a grower set out a few acres and quickly sold his harvest to the best hotels. At Los Angeles' famed Farmers Market, the first tempting display was sold out almost immediately, most of it snapped up by movie celebrities.

In the Midwest, the wife of a college president set out an experimental bed, and sent baskets of Bibb lettuce to the kitchens of the university hospital. Later, scientific analysis confirmed what she had guessed from Bibb's appearance—its vitamin content was very high.

From conservative New Hampshire, a family gardener wrote the Bunton Company: "We ate our Bibb lettuce so fast it never had a chance to head up."

The heads of Bibb lettuce are small and glossy, with most of the leaves fully exposed to the sun. It accommodates itself to most climates, and in a normal season a Midwest gardener may easily have two crops. Housewives in small families prefer it to other lettuce, not only because of superior taste but because the small head furnishes the proper amount of greens for a salad for two.

Bibb is commonly tossed in a bowl with dressing, but a few fanatical devotees claim that its unique properties can only be savored if it is cut in half, dipped in dressing, and eaten with the fingers. But however they choose to serve it, the growing number of Bibb fans agree that it is the "finest lettuce ever grown."

Mammy Demurred

MAMMY HAD SERVED three generations of the family in sickness and in health, and when they went on a trip to Europe they took her with them, as a special treat. Mammy went along on all the sight-seeing tours and visits to historic churches, art galleries, and museums. But she soon showed signs of homesickness and began more and more to remain in her hotel room. Though the family tried in every way to persuade her to go out, she stubbornly declined their invitations.

"You mustn't miss today's trip, Mammy," her mistress pleaded when they reached Rome. "We're going to the famous art museum."

"Ah don't want to go to no art museum," Mammy demurred.

"But Mammy, why not? You'll see the works of the great masters—paintings, statues, and everything wonderful!"

Mammy shook her head.

"Ah's been with yo family a long time. Ah washed yo ma and ah washed yo pa and ah washed all yo chilluns, and ah tells you right now, honey chile, naked flesh ain't no recreation to me!"

—RACHEL W. BOOTH

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The Two-Edged Drugs:

ACTH and Cortisone

by ARTHUR J. SNIDER

The miracle hormones are not cure-alls; in some cases, they are even dangerous!

DRIVEN BY an agonizing flareup of arthritis, a gnarled and twisted New York housewife struggled to a near-by hospital and begged relief from pain.

She couldn't have come at a more opportune time. One week before, what was considered the most dramatic medical development of the mid-century had burst over the scientific world. Two magic bullets had been found to stop arthritis in its tracks!

One was ACTH, made from hog glands in the Chicago stockyards. The other was cortisone, found naturally in the adrenal glands of humans but synthesized in quantity at the laboratory of Merck & Company in Rahway, New Jersey. They were more than just arthritis drugs: they were hormones capable of goading the body to incredible feats of recovery in two dozen or more diseases.

In three days, the housewife's bulging joints had flattened. In a week, the stiffness was gone. In less than two weeks, liberated from the grip of a 19-year-old affliction, she discarded her cane and was bouncing up and down the hospital stairs on glorious pain-free excursions. It looked like another triumph for the wonder-working hormones. *But the triumph was short-lived!*

A few days after the treatment had started, doctors began noting a peculiar change. The happy housewife plunged into periods of depression. She snapped at nurses, even became unruly.

A battery of tests, including a brain-wave reading, confirmed a growing suspicion. She had developed a psychotic reaction.

The drug was halted and the patient transferred to the psychiatric section for electric shock treatments. Except for minor fluctuations in mood, the mental condition cleared up—but today she is using a cane again.

About the same time, a 54-year-old woman was admitted to another Manhattan hospital with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, a form of the muscle-wasting malady fatal to Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees. Since she was in excellent health otherwise, doctors hit upon the idea of using ACTH.

Four times a day for 29 days, a dissolved whitish powder was injected into her thigh. There was definite improvement. The patient be-

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gan to feel stronger. She was joyfully looking forward to early discharge when suddenly she clutched her abdomen and doubled up in pain. Examination revealed that she had a perforated ulcer.

These two distressing New York cases, attributed to the effects of ACTH, have been repeated with variations in other parts of the country, and have posed grave questions for the medical profession. Are these new miracle drugs two-edged swords? Will there be permanent complications from long-term treatments?

Exaggerated stories of the drugs as cure-alls are worrying those sincere physicians who are subjected to constant pressure from patients. Recent announcements that the drugs have become available for prescription sale over the counter have further complicated matters.

WHAT, ACTUALLY, has medical research revealed about the drugs, particularly about their prolonged use?

After long treatment of 82 patients, Dr. Samuel G. Taylor III, Dr. Edwin N. Irons, and Dr. Lindsay Baskett of the University of Illinois medical staff revealed that occasionally they found it difficult to decide whether side effects gave the patients more distress than the disease itself. Commonest peril met by physicians has been a strange set of symptoms which find patients developing a hairy growth on the upper lip, acne, a puffy "moon face," and skin discoloration.

Medical researchers have concluded that operations heal more slowly after a few weeks' dosage of the hormones, and laboratories in Minneapolis and St. Louis found that infections occur more readily and heal more slowly. Drs. Edward W. Boland and Nathan E. Headley found menstrual failures in some women patients.

Drs. Taylor, Irons, and Baskett, presenting one of the first reports on autopsied patients treated with one or the other drug, found the thyroid gland smaller and the adrenal glands larger than normal; signs of infection prominent about the body; and unmistakable evidence that some patients had had pneumonia, brain abscesses, and kidney inflammations. They recommended the use of antibiotics in conjunction with the hormones.

Drs. David Adlersberg, Louis Schaefer, and Stanley R. Drachman of Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York expressed fear that premature hardening of the arteries may be caused by prolonged treatment with the drugs. Evidence has been found to suggest that ACTH may also activate some latent diseases. Dr. Edward H. Kass of Boston reported at a conference last December that he had seen a reactivation in two diseases: sickle-cell anemia and blackwater fever.

Such reports prompted the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association to warn against widespread use of ACTH and cortisone.

Meanwhile, the medical department of Armour & Company, producers of ACTH, is advising doctors that most of the serious complications result from overstimulation of the adrenal glands, and can be halted and reversed by decreasing dosage or stopping treatment. Armour warns, however, that ACTH

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should not be used if the patient has high blood pressure, diabetes, mental disease, kidney ailments, or congestive heart failure, for these conditions can be aggravated.

One of the men who opened the door to ACTH and cortisone therapy, Dr. Philip Hench of Mayo Clinic, admits that the reason why complications develop early in some patients, late in others, and not at all in still others remains shrouded in mystery. "Much remains to be learned about ACTH and cortisone, about their mode of action, the best method for administration, and the prevention and control of side effects," he says.

Irrespective of their power for good or evil, ACTH and cortisone, all doctors agree, have opened up a new vista in medicine. For one thing, they have focused attention on the adrenals, the tiny glands that sit atop each kidney like a cocked hat. Dr. John Mote of Armour now believes that the adrenals play the biggest single role in the body in determining whether a person is sick or well.

A person with healthy adrenal glands will withstand the effects of most external stress, be it traumatic, infectious, or emotional. But the person with poorly functioning glands, when subjected to these same stresses, will come down with arthritis, gout, skin disease, eye disorders, rheumatic fever, allergy, or a host of other ailments.

Reports on the use of ACTH and cortisone will have to come in for five years before their status as medical weapons is known, according to doctors; but even if they should prove too dangerous for routine use, they may become even more valuable in revealing the process by which the adrenal glands turn diseases on and off.

Meanwhile, the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation's medical advisory committee cautions the public against looking upon the drugs as cures. They must be administered continually to receive benefit; once they are stopped the disease in many cases returns.

"Use at this time," the Foundation advises, "should be confined to those doctors who have brought themselves up to date on treatment so that dangers can be minimized and controlled."

Quick Quotes

Barber to sleek-haired young man: "Do you want it cut, or just the oil changed?"
—GENE SCHNEIDER

Woman in traffic court: "I was driving down Main Street with my husband at the wheel . . . "
—*Grit*

Correction, Please (Answers to quiz on page 123)

1. Morn (*dawn's* early light); 2. Pictures (Little *pitchers*); 3. Forefathers (our *fathers*); 4. Come (Will you *walk*); 5. This (*that* is the question); 6. Pursued (the *pursuit* of happiness); 7. And (*when* all through the house); 8. Heart (in the human *breast*); 9. Will (and you *shall* hear); 10. Indismissable (One nation, *indivisible*).

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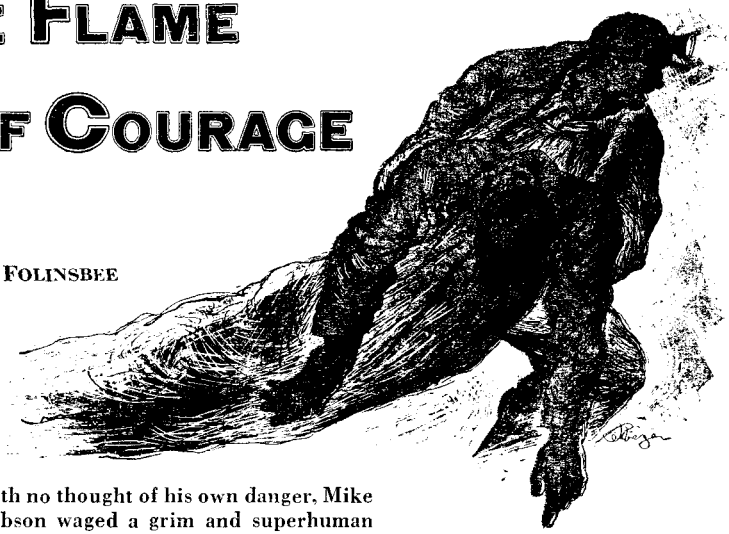
THE FLAME OF COURAGE

by J. P. FOLINSBEE



With no thought of his own danger, Mike Dobson waged a grim and superhuman battle against sudden death underground

MICHAEL DOBSON climbed into his old Ford sedan and stepped on the starter. His wife and fair-haired daughter—youngest of ten children—stood on the porch of their comfortable white-frame house on the outskirts of Lavelle and waved as he turned toward the highway. It seemed like the start of any other working day.

On this February afternoon of 1950, the sky spread in a cold blue arch over the mountains and valleys of the anthracite region of southeast Pennsylvania. Dobson drove west toward Locust Gap, and over the winding mountain road to Reliance Colliery. After 28 years of traveling to work at the same mine, he could have driven the road in his sleep.

Soon, the gaunt black tipple of Reliance reared over the hill, and Dobson parked his car and went into his office. As assistant foreman, he began his day with paper work. Pushing his cap back on his head, he straightened his glasses and sat down at his desk.

About 2 P.M., the second shift was ready to go in. Nick Amato and Steve Venarchick, buddies in Dobson's underground section, were first to report. "Hi, Mike," they said. "Ready to go."

Their clothes were dusty with use. On front of their safety hats, electric headlamps glowed briefly as they tested them. Then they handed their safety lamps to Dobson, who, as fire boss, was responsible for the safety of his men.

"They're okay," he said, and went on to outline the day's work.

His crew came and went in pairs. When the last had been checked, Dobson took his own safety hat from the wall, adjusted his cap lamp, and

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prepared to join his men below. He picked up his safety lamp and turned the switch. Instantly, the flash flame sprang into life. Holding it to his lips, he breathed into the chimney. As though a hand had closed over it, the flame died in the carbon dioxide. Satisfied, he started for the deep mine workings.

At the second level—500 feet underground—he left the elevator car and started down 238 gangway. This gangway, a long, heavily timbered tunnel running through solid coal, was a main artery in the intricate network that sapped black diamonds from the earth. Its 30-foot-wide pillars of coal, alternating with "chutes" that burrowed up into the veins, supported a honeycomb structure that, in cross section, would resemble the leaning tower of Pisa. Only here the archways were black tunnels, the pillars coal and slate, and the whole was capped with a crushing overburden of 200 feet of rock.

Standing back against a timbered prop, Dobson let a loaded train of eight coal cars thunder past, and then started up No. 2 chute, his safety lantern swinging from his hand. The air smelled damp and clean. In the unconsciously soft voice used by miners underground, he greeted his men.

"Everything okay?" he asked.

"Sure, Mike."

Holding his lamp against the working face of the breasts, he tested for any trace of gas. Then he carefully checked the firing wires, used to explode dynamite at the face while the miners waited in safety below. It was all routine. Dobson had repeated the same gestures thousands of times.

The wires were carefully rigged. Nothing was wrong. Humming to himself, he skidded down the loose coal and went on to the next breast.

TOWARD 4:30, Dobson's rounds were almost complete. Then he looked, automatically, up the slope to the pitch chamber where breast 30 ended. Two headlamps gleamed in the dark. Suddenly, he halted. *Neither of the lamps was moving!* They were staring like baleful eyes from the blackness.

"Hey, up there!" His voice echoed ghostlike into nothingness. The headlights did not stir.

Dobson's heart began to pound. He glanced swiftly down the heading. There was no one but himself! The shaftways were as deserted as catacombs of the dead.

Unhesitatingly, he ran upward. Then his safety flickered uneasily and he slowed his steps. Suddenly, about 15 feet from the eerie headlamps, his lamp snuffed out.

Dobson knew instantly. Methane gas! The deadly black breath of sudden death underground!

Swiftly he went backward, out of the lethal cloud. Ten feet lower, the flash responded and lived. He went down another five feet and set the precious flame on a step.

Then, sucking in an enormous breath of clean air, he rushed upward. The first stricken man lay 20 feet above—a twisted figure half-buried under tons of powdered coal. The mine face, he figured instinctively, must have exploded in a deadly puff, burying the two miners in lethal outpourings.

Desperately, Dobson clawed away loose coal with his hands. It was Nick Amato, lying face down on the

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slope. Bracing his foot against a step, Dobson tried to pull the stricken man loose, but the inert body would not budge.

Finally, with a desperate surge of strength, Dobson kicked out the step. Like a turgid black river bursting a dam, the coal began to move. Amato slid with it, a few feet down. Dobson set his lips in a grim line. Struggling, half-falling, half-sliding for every inch, he dragged his deadweight burden down to the safety lamp. The flash still glowed like a bright eye.

The gangway, and absolute safety, lay 300 feet below. But if he took Amato to it, there would be no hope for Venarchick. Dobson made a swift decision. Lifting Amato's sagging body, he stood him against a timber prop and lashed him securely with a leather belt. Then he ripped the firing lines from the wall and lashed Amato's feet to the step.

Suddenly, a breath wracked through Amato's body. Dobson rose to his feet. Now it was time to get back up to Steve.

Dobson's mind was clear. In it, there was no thought of his own deadly danger. There was no lingering fear for the rambling white house, or his wife, or their ten children. His duty—the only thing that existed for him at that moment—lay in the still, silent form of Steve Venarchick, trapped 60 feet above.

Dobson climbed doggedly through the shifting coal. At the lamp, he sucked in a gasp of air and lunged onward into blackness.

Venarchick lay beyond the spot where he had found Amato. Stretching out to full length, Dobson got hold of Venarchick's boots. They wouldn't move. Pulling himself up, he climbed higher and yanked savagely. But Venarchick's doubled frame was cemented stubbornly against the slope.

A sobbing breath escaped Dobson's overburdened lungs. The deadly gas took its place. He was powerless to stop it.

Pulling and tugging with every ounce of strength, he fought to free the stricken man. Then, as the gas began to seep through his body, his arms turned to water.

Staggering, half-falling, Dobson slid back over the coal. He hit good air in the split second between consciousness and smothering death. He knew it might be hours before anyone else, missing the three of them, started a search through the mine's vast network.

Still he would not give up. Gulping air, he advanced once more in a desperate effort to pull Venarchick out. Almost instantly, the ominous weakness flooded through him, and again he reeled back to the life-giving area around the lamp.

Dobson's lungs felt hard and heavy in his chest. Yet twice more he plunged into the lethal chamber in a grim effort to save Venarchick. Finally, he slid recklessly down to the gangway and returned with two drivers and two bottom men. A fifth miner went for outside help.

The drivers carried Amato's limp but living form to safety. Dobson remained, and with one of the bottom men acting as a bridge, he tried again and again to release the doomed figure on the slope.

Extra help arrived in force. But it was not until 8 o'clock that night that Steve Venarchick was finally released. Dobson never left the un-

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derground chamber: he never quite lost hope. But it was too late. Steve Venarchick's life had flickered out hours before . . .

IN THE REPORTS that followed the accident, one fact emerged beyond question. In a hazardous occupation, where heroism is commonplace, fire boss Dobson had acted with a valor and disregard for his own life far beyond the call of duty. In saving one man, and risking himself in a supremely dangerous attempt to save another, he had answered the highest human call.

In recognition of his deed, the U.S. Bureau of Mines presented Dobson with the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association Medal of Honor, one of five presented in the year. His fellow miners recognized the deed, too. In a quiet ceremony on the colliery grounds, they gave Mike Dobson a wrist watch.

Nick Amato made the presentation. A watch is, in its way, a small token for a life. Yet it stands as the only time in the history of Reliance that a boss has ever been so honored by his men.

That same day, a letter went to Washington, D. C. But mild-mannered Mike Dobson, whose heroism was such that it was deemed worthy of a citation to Congress, could only say quietly: "I'm sorry I couldn't get Steve!"

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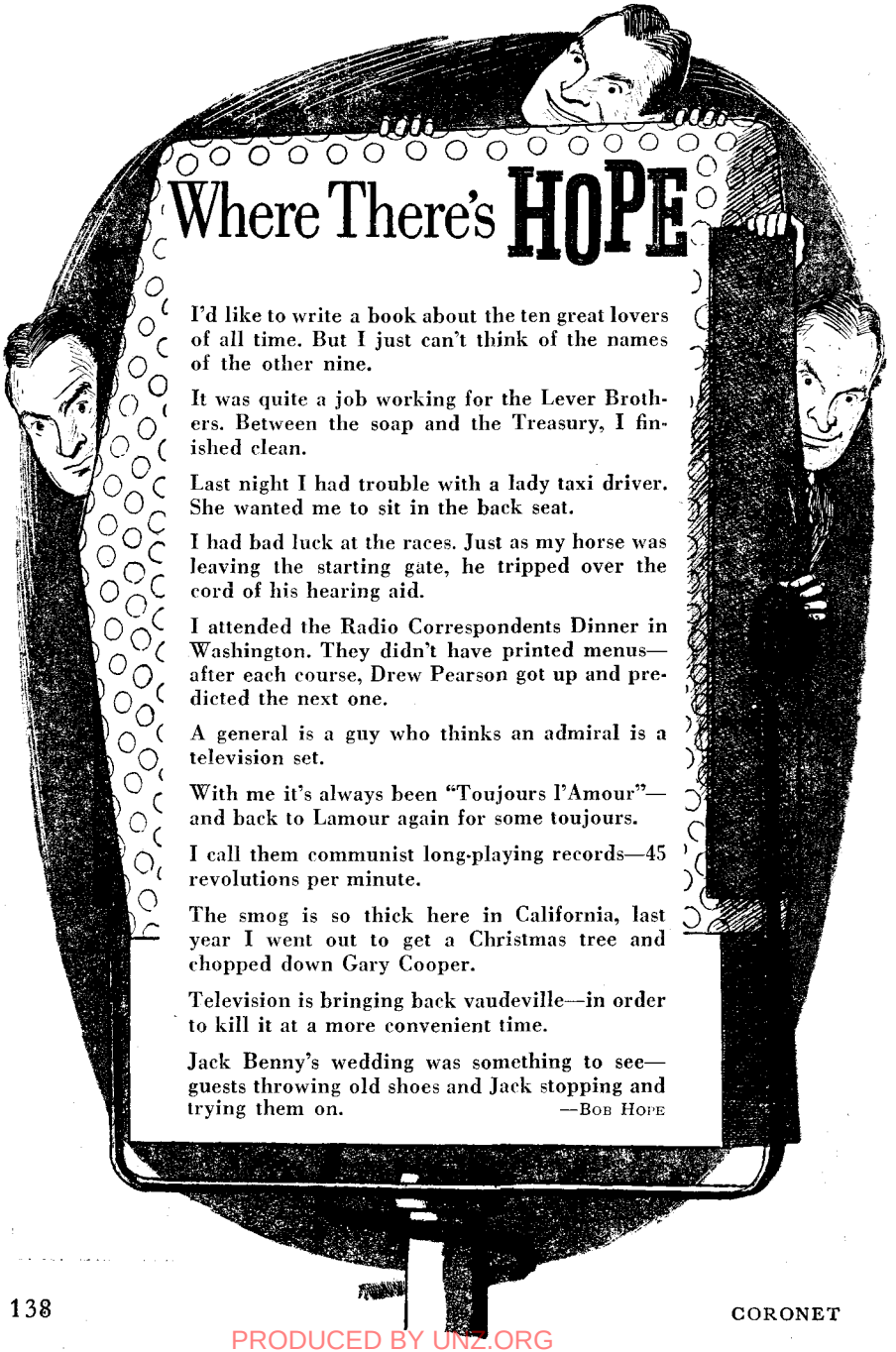

Where There's HOPE

I'd like to write a book about the ten great lovers of all time. But I just can't think of the names of the other nine.

It was quite a job working for the Lever Brothers. Between the soap and the Treasury, I finished clean.

Last night I had trouble with a lady taxi driver. She wanted me to sit in the back seat.

I had bad luck at the races. Just as my horse was leaving the starting gate, he tripped over the cord of his hearing aid.

I attended the Radio Correspondents Dinner in Washington. They didn't have printed menus—after each course, Drew Pearson got up and predicted the next one.

A general is a guy who thinks an admiral is a television set.

With me it's always been "Toujours l'Amour"—and back to Lamour again for some toujours.

I call them communist long-playing records—45 revolutions per minute.

The smog is so thick here in California, last year I went out to get a Christmas tree and chopped down Gary Cooper.

Television is bringing back vaudeville—in order to kill it at a more convenient time.

Jack Benny's wedding was something to see—guests throwing old shoes and Jack stopping and trying them on.

—Bob Hope

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WHAT HEREDITY MEANS TO YOU

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Science is solving the mystery of what characteristics you can or can't inherit

"COULD OUR DAUGHTER inherit her mother's musical talent?"

"There are cases of cancer in my family. Can my child inherit this disease?"

"My husband and I both have straight hair. Could our children's hair be curly?"

"My husband is an alcoholic. Can our child inherit his weakness?"

All too often, such questions are still answered by ancient superstitions and old wives' tales. An air of mystery surrounds the miracle of nature which has much to do with making us what we are, and which determines, long before conception, what our children will be like. Yet the vital field of heredity need no longer be a matter of guesswork. By peering at the tiniest building blocks of life with the electron microscope, by countless experiments with plants, insects, and animals, and by patiently studying thousands of human family records, scientists are at last solving many baffling biological mysteries.

Because no science more directly concerns everyone, the geneticists are trying to get their laboratory findings out into everyday life.

In this field of genetics, perhaps the most remarkable institution is the Charles Fremont Dight Institute at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. In addition to carrying out major scientific researches, it has set up a counseling service to give free information not only to doctors and social workers but to laymen as well. Anyone who has a question that concerns heredity can turn to the Dight Institute, personally or by mail, and be sure of getting an answer that is as accurate as science can make it.

Dr. Sheldon C. Reed, the director, and his associate, Dr. Ray C. Anderson, have offered advice on hundreds of cases. Consider, for instance, the problem of the prospective young mother who was profoundly disturbed because during the weeks before her baby was conceived she and her husband had quarreled constantly. She was afraid that this would have a detrimental effect on the child. The Institute was able to reassure her that she had nothing to worry about.

Millions of people have subscribed to the ancient belief that the state of mind of parents at the time of conception influences the child's characteristics. But there is

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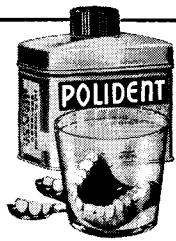
YET MY MOUTH FEELS FRESH, CLEAN AND COOL.
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

Keep your dental plates odor-free by daily soaking in Polident

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

*"POLIDENT is wonderful. It leaves my plate feeling cool, clean, fresh-tasting. And I know I'm safe from Denture Breath." *Mrs. O. C., Clear Lake, Iowa*



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

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No Brushing

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH? Double Your Money Back Unless this Amazing New Cream Holds Plates Tighter, Longer than Anything You've Ever Tried. **POLI-GRIP**

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no proof that the idea is true. And that works for both favorable and unfavorable influences.

Or look at the worries of a man who had always wanted to be an engineer, but had missed the opportunity to go to college. Now he was concerned about his sons. Would they be less likely to have engineering ability because of his lack of a good education? The answer, of course, was "No." Education may affect your ability to bring up your children, it may affect your earnings and the status of your home, but it can't change the inherited characteristics of your children.

TO UNDERSTAND why science can make positive statements about inherited traits, you must consider the astonishing process by which characteristics are passed from generation to generation. From the dawn of time, men have been fascinated by the mystery of why all living creatures and plants turn out to look just about like their parents.

Miraculously, an acorn "knew" how to become an oak, not an elm or a maple. A frog laid eggs, and somehow they "knew" enough to become frogs, not toads or fish. Though there might be variations, members of any living species always resembled and behaved like other members of the species.

On the other hand, changes did occur in some creatures that resulted in differences in their offspring. The problem was all very confusing until an Austrian monk, Gregor Johann Mendel, started to study the peas in his monastery garden. When he crossed yellow peas with green ones, tall peas with short ones, peas with wrinkled skins and those with smooth, he came up with a startlingly accurate solution to the baffling mystery of heredity.

Unfortunately, his description of his work lay gathering dust for years, and was not discovered by science until 1900. Then our own great Thomas Hunt Morgan was able to prove that the Mendelian laws applied equally to all living creatures. Furthermore, Morgan was able to tell just how nature's master plan was carried out.

In every cell of every living creature there are tiny particles called chromosomes. Actually, each chromosome is a little string of beadlike particles called genes. Any one chromosome contains hundreds, and in some cases, probably thousands, of genes. These are "activators" which, in some way, set up chemical reactions that result in the formation of bodily features. These genes seem to determine many of our mental capabilities and personality traits, too.

Suppose, for example, that a man with dark brown eyes, coming from a family of which every member has dark brown eyes, marries a blue-eyed girl from a family of blue-eyed people. A geneticist would know, with almost absolute certainty, that their children's eyes would be brown.

Why can't the child's eyes be blue like his mother's, or something between the two colors? The answer is that not all genes are of equal power. Some, called "dominant," are stronger than others, called "recessive." Dark-eye genes are always dominant. In this case, therefore, the blue-eye gene did not get a chance to work.

Perhaps the greatest number of queries tossed at the Dight Insti-

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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tute concern health. Do you inherit your health? This is a fascinating question, engaging the attention of many medical researchers. Piece by piece, they are fitting together a complicated jigsaw puzzle which, once complete, will serve as a guide to parents, and also may help to combat killers like cancer, heart diseases, and rarer ailments.

An accurate knowledge of inherited conditions means that a doctor is far better prepared to deal with medical problems. Witness a case in which a child developed a fever. The cause seemed to be a thyroid deficiency, and the doctor prescribed accordingly. Yet the fever grew worse. A consulting physician found the answer in heredity. One of the parents, and other relatives, suffered from defective body-temperature controls. This knowledge helped him deduce that the child lacked normal sweat glands; the thyroid extract given him had increased, rather than decreased, his temperature.

While science is discovering that many conditions once of doubtful origin can be attributed to hereditary factors, sometimes the reverse is true. Syphilis, for example, was once thought to be inherited. But the truth is that, while a child can be born with the disease, he cannot inherit it. In such cases, an intrauterine infection causes the embryo to develop the disease during the mother's pregnancy.

BEFORE THEY CAN DECIDE positively about the inheritability of many diseases, the scientists have much more investigating to do. Cancer? Polio? Diabetes? Tuberculosis? They don't have certain answers. But one thing they want to make clear, because it will save needless worry. *Just because you inherit a tendency toward a disease does not mean that you will get the disease.*

Take rheumatic fever, for example. You cannot contract it unless you inherit the susceptibility; but even with the tendency you will not fall victim to this disease unless you are subjected to certain environmental factors.

However, anyone who wants an answer to the old question, "Which is more important to the development of a personality—environment or heredity?" will have a hard time starting an argument with a geneticist. He will tell you that they are both important in determining a life history. They work together to make the individual what he is.

A child may come equipped with all sorts of hereditary talents, yet if he is doomed to grow up in a bad home, the advantages can be lost. On the other hand, a child with hereditary limitations may grow up in a good environment, provided by conscientious parents who help him to do more with his limited abilities.

One of the most challenging puzzlers concerns the question of whether intelligence is inherited. It is generally assumed that talent, particularly musical and artistic talent, is due to some genetic quality, as studies of families in which there are many talented people would indicate. But what about just plain mental capacity? That is a difficult question to answer, because intelligence is subject to environmental influence probably more than any other human trait.

Still, there is striking evidence that intelligence must be included

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in the list of qualities we get from the genes bequeathed by our parents. Geneticists have found twins to be helpful subjects in their exploration. At Yale, Dr. Arnold Gesell conducted experiments in which one of several pairs of identical twins was given special training in certain tasks, such as stair building, manipulating blocks, and acquiring a vocabulary. Yet in each case the twin given the training did no better at the task than did the untrained one. Native intelligence was evidently the factor.

Nevertheless, the scientists don't think it is safe to be dogmatic about what makes superior mentalities. In this, as in countless other factors of personality and physique, heredity may make us what we are, but the geneticists agree that what really counts is "What you do with what you've got."

For the Six-Gun Set

SPANISH EXPLORERS brought the first cattle to America some 400 years ago . . . Today there are 8,000,000 cattle just in Texas . . . To a cowboy, all beef animals are "cows" . . .

Cowboy talk is colorful . . . If an outlaw held up a bank, he was "Cashing in his six-shooter" . . . Telling a man "roll your bed" meant he was fired from the outfit . . . A man getting by on credit till next payday was "livin' on his jawbone" . . . A rider thrown by his horse was "takin' up a homestead" . . . *Ro*-de-o is what Westerners call cowboy roping and riding contests, a ro-*day*-o is what they call the working roundup . . . It comes from a Spanish word meaning "to encircle" . . .

Because there were no small coins in circulation, Westerners used different sizes of six-gun cartridges for quarters and dimes and called it "cowboy change" . . . The cooks were the uncrowned kings of roundups and the trail camps . . .

Cowboys don't use spurs just to make their horses go faster . . . They use them for signals—go, stop, turn . . .

Out West, to call a man square is the highest compliment you can pay him . . . It's the same as saying "he'll do to cross the river with . . . "

One cowman can tell another's home state by the size, shape, and crush of his hat . . . A cowboy's hat has a lot of uses: sunshade, eyeshade, water bucket, campfire bellows, and a protective weapon for waving off angry cows or fanning it in front of a horse's head from the saddle to turn him in another direction . . . Cowboy description of stampeding cattle "They just buy a one-way ticket to hellandgone and try to ketch the first train" . . .

Cowboy songs were not used to sing the cattle to sleep but to help night herders keep in touch with each other in the dark, to drown out any strange noises that might stampede the jittery cow critters, to help a man keep himself awake in the saddle at night, and to break the monotony. —GENE AUTRY

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Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about

THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

MOM! PLEASE TELL ME SOME MORE ABOUT THESE INTIMATE PROBLEMS.
I INTEND TO, DEAR, ESPECIALLY ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE—ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it is for a mother to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE'S great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE's Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE!

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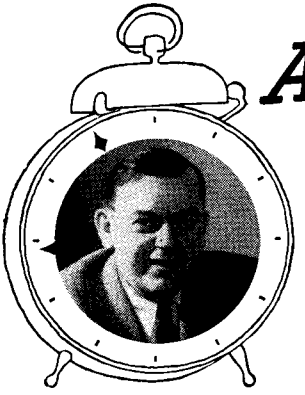
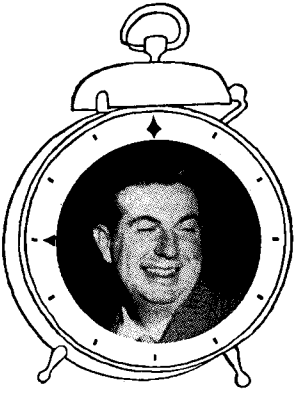
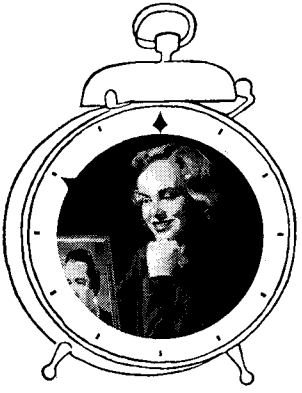
ALL SET... all day...



Wide awake? Time to tune to ABC for Walter Kiernan. 8:55 a.m. *(Philip Morris)*

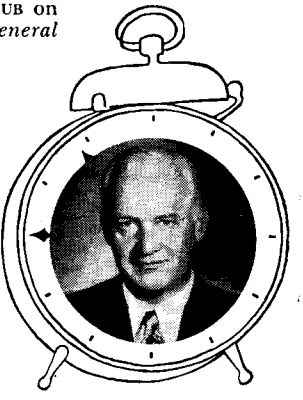


What's for breakfast? DON MCNEILL'S BREAKFAST CLUB on ABC! 9:00 a.m. *(Swift, General Mills, Philco)*



Time flies — housework, too when you tune to MY TRUE STORY! 10:00 a.m. *(Sterling Drug)*

How-to-do-it tips. Tune in THE BETTY CROCKER MAGAZINE OF THE AIR! 10:25 a.m. *(General Mills)*



Want to lose pounds? Nutrition expert VICTOR H. LINDLAHR brings you food facts! 10:45 a.m. *(Serutan)*

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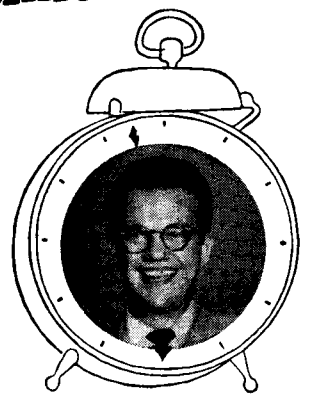
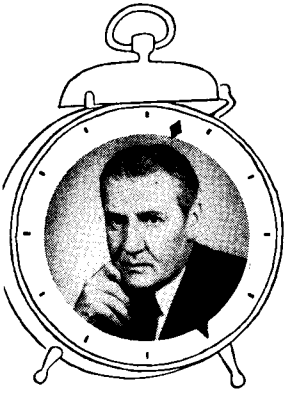
to give you a wonderful time!

ou'll fall in love with love hen you listen to MODERN OMANCES on ABC! 11:00 a.m. *Philip Morris)*

Guests for lunch! The most exciting people in America on THE JOHNNY OLSEN SHOW! 12 noon. *(Philip Morris)*



Fast — and funny! It's QUICK AS A FLASH! Bill Cullen is master of ceremonies. 11:30 a.m. *(Amm-i-dent)*



lews on the human side when ou listen to EDWIN C. HILL! 2:25 p.m. *(Serutan)*

Right up to the minute! JOHN B. KENNEDY brings you news — and his concise analysis. 2:30 p.m. *(Serutan)*

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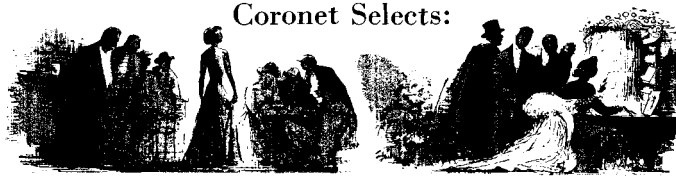

HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW, by Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels (*Doubleday*)

ETHEL WATERS came into the world unwanted and unloved. "I never was a child," she says. "I never was coddled, I never felt I belonged, nobody brought me up." No Negro waif of the slums ever grew up in a darker shadow, with less chance of achieving happiness. Yet Ethel Waters conquered her handicaps to become a renowned and beloved actress.

Her story makes one of the year's most stirring books. Its significance lies not only in her triumph over the obstacles of race and background, but in the warm-hearted qualities of character that glow on every page. Her eyes were on the stage, and for every step she was forced back, she took two forward. "I was born naked and hungry," she writes, "but the Lord fed and clothed me, and made me strong enough to make my way on my own." For its chronicle of resistance to adversity, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

THE PEOPLE'S GENERAL
by David Loth (*Scribner's*)

LAFAYETTE LOVED the infant America, and made its cause his own. In this breezy biography of the young French nobleman, Mr. Loth brings to life the man behind the legend. Living in an age of revolution, Lafayette quickly became an ardent convert to the cause of American independence.

The book throws fresh light on his close association with George Washington. When others intrigued against Washington, or despaired of their cause, Lafayette stood loyal as a rock. "I am fixed to your fate," he wrote Washington in a dark hour. In the dark hours we are living through now, this story of a resolute Frenchman who loved America holds meaning for us all.

JUDGMENT ON DELTCHEV
by Eric Ambler (*Knopf*)

THE PURGE TRIALS behind the Iron Curtain, which periodically mystify us with their caricatures of justice, have a deadly purpose: to discredit opponents of the regime as individuals, before destroying them as criminals. Out of this salient situation, Eric Ambler has fashioned a tingling adventure in his first book in ten years.

His hero is a correspondent assigned to cover the purge of an organization which played politics with victims instead of votes. Soon, he himself is noose-deep in Balkan intrigues. Using prose which enhances excitement by understatement, Mr. Ambler has written a story which sparks suspense with the timeliness of today's headlines.

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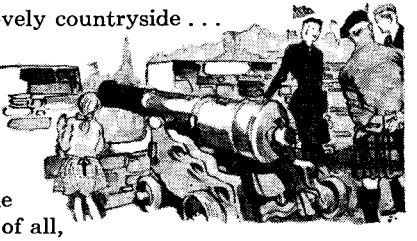
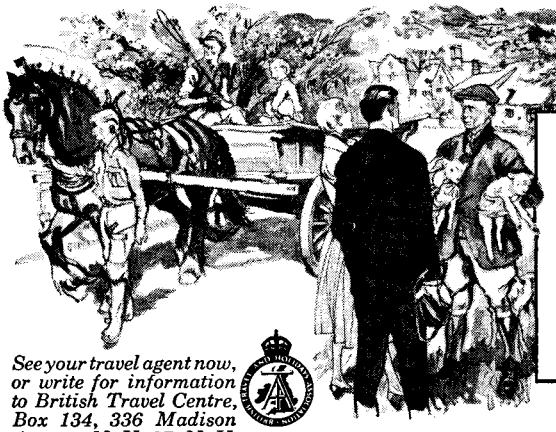


See what Britain Brings the world in music, drama, the arts and science—presented as never before throughout the country in this *FESTIVAL YEAR*. Best of all, come this year to meet and really know a friendly and appreciative people. You'll feel at home more quickly . . . for here, in language, culture, and custom, America's roots grow deep, and we are proud of it!



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COULD YOU BE BOSS?

by LESTER F. MILES

Before you make a snap decision, see how well you do on this practical test!

I GOT THE IDEA for this test one day while riding on a subway train. I heard a man remark to his companion, "So he's been made the boss of the department, has he? I know more about the work than he'll ever know!"

The truth is that the boss rates No. 1 in personal impressiveness, initiative, capability, concentration, and constructive imagination. If he doesn't—he just won't last. Knowledge of the work itself is the last thing he needs in many cases. More important is that he has a flair for leadership, knows how to express himself, and is an efficient organizer. He is there to get people to work for him—to get three men to do three men's work.

This is a distinction that many employees fail to recognize. So let's see if you could be boss!

Place a 0, 5, or 10 before each question, depending on how you think your employers would rate you in each case.

____1. Would you give public credit to a man who had given you an idea, even though you had to work hard to perfect it?

____2. Do you give an impression of "confidence" on your job?

____3. If a new man joins your employee group, do you make him feel "at home"?

____4. Do you work *with* people well—suggesting and leading rather than ordering?

____5. Can you set an example by being as hard on yourself as on others, if occasion should arise?

____6. Do your plans for work generally turn out the way you anticipated?

____7. Are you able to prevent people from imposing on you without losing their friendship or cooperation?

____8. Could you analyze your job well enough to teach a new man to take your place in short order?

____9. Are you enthusiastic about your employer—believe that he has a product or service better than anyone else's?

____10. Do you keep your work as neat as circumstances and your type of work permit?

____11. Do you make it a point to walk firmly—not amble or shuffle?

____12. Are you making any effort to improve your knowledge of

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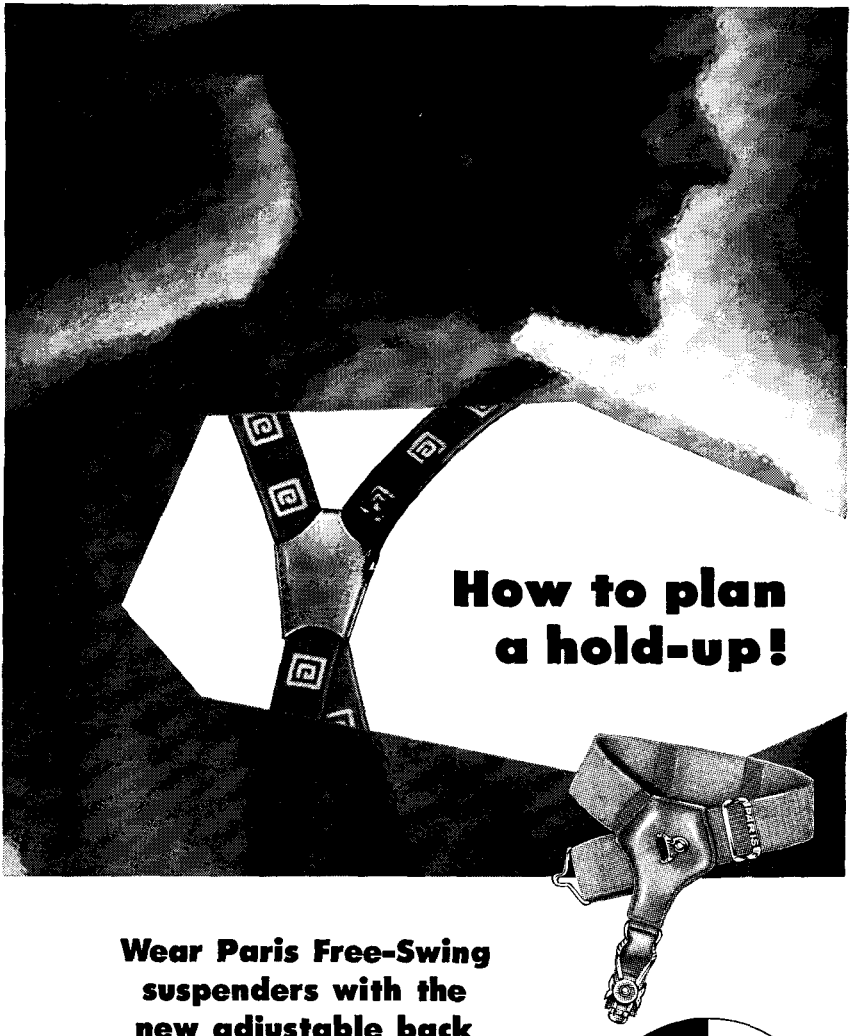

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Hold up your trousers in style—buy "Paris"* Free-Swing Suspenders with the new Adjustable Back for comfort beyond belief. Suspenders give your trousers the proper drape—create that *extra* distinction that marks the well dressed man. Only $1.75—others to $5. Get yours today.

Also wear long-stretch "Paris" Garters, woven for super-comfort to look your best—75c to $1.50. At your favorite store.

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PARIS

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the business you are in or your ability to do the work?

___13. Do you speak confidently—with conviction?

___14. Do you make prompt decisions, even though these decisions may sometimes be partially or totally wrong?

___15. Do you stay clear of office politics when you can—but can you usually pick the winning side if you are drawn into a political situation?

Scoring instructions:

Total of 75 or less: You may be a good employee, but there is a program here that you will have to make a habit if you want to be boss.

80 to 100: Bosses are made, not born. You can get there by taking the advice in the first rating. Recheck the questions carefully for clues to where you could stand improvement.

105 to 125: A good executive type—but those questions can indicate a lot to you.

130 to 150: You are most likely in some sort of driver's seat already, but if you are still looking for a promotion, you need not worry too much about getting it. It will meet you more than halfway.

Red Ribs

A FOREIGN-BORN communist, being deported on an American vessel, was placed in Cabin 33. Two days out, the ship's doctor reported to the captain that a passenger in Cabin 23 had committed suicide, leaving a note asking that he be buried at sea.

The captain gave the necessary orders, and an hour later a seaman reported: "We buried the man in Cabin 33, sir."

"In Cabin 33?" exclaimed the captain. "You fool, you should have buried the man in 23. The fellow in 33 was a communist and he was alive. Didn't he protest?"

"Indeed he did, sir," said the sailor. "But you know these communists—you can't believe a word they say." —MRS. MILDRED MYHRE

NECESSITY BEING the mother of invention, it's amazing that the Russians haven't claimed the invention of mothers. —ELDON PEDERSEN

THERE IS NO DOUBT that Russia wants nothing but peace—a piece of Korea, a piece of China, a piece of the Philippines, a piece of India, a piece of Iran. . . . —WALTER WERTH

A REFUGEE WHO had spent 22 months working in a Russian factory finally fled the country and landed a job with a western construction company. On his first day at work the boss, being shorthanded, asked him if he'd mind working a 16-hour stretch for a week.

"Sixteen hours a day!" exclaimed the refugee. "What is this, part-time work?" —ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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A Lesson in Virtue

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

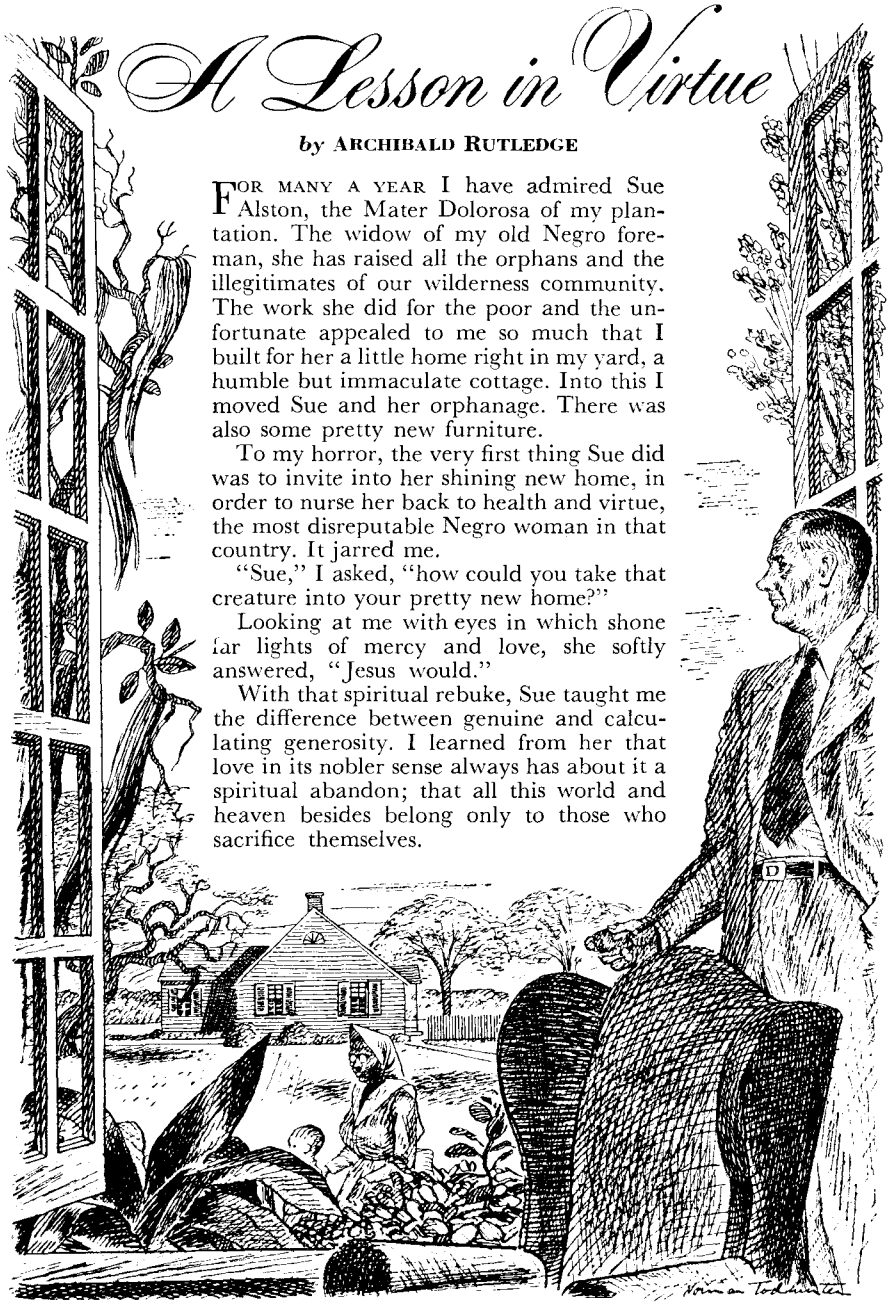
FOR MANY A YEAR I have admired Sue Alston, the Mater Dolorosa of my plantation. The widow of my old Negro foreman, she has raised all the orphans and the illegitimates of our wilderness community. The work she did for the poor and the unfortunate appealed to me so much that I built for her a little home right in my yard, a humble but immaculate cottage. Into this I moved Sue and her orphanage. There was also some pretty new furniture.

To my horror, the very first thing Sue did was to invite into her shining new home, in order to nurse her back to health and virtue, the most disreputable Negro woman in that country. It jarred me.

"Sue," I asked, "how could you take that creature into your pretty new home?"

Looking at me with eyes in which shone far lights of mercy and love, she softly answered, "Jesus would."

With that spiritual rebuke, Sue taught me the difference between genuine and calculating generosity. I learned from her that love in its nobler sense always has about it a spiritual abandon; that all this world and heaven besides belong only to those who sacrifice themselves.



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WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

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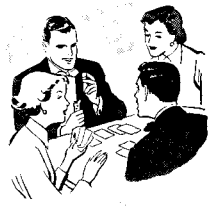
  Does acid indigestion come after your juice and coffee? Eat a couple of Tums. See how Tums sweeten stomach almost instantly. You feel better fast. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AFTER LUNCH**

  If nervousness, pressure of business or bolting your lunch cause acid indigestion, let Tums handle the situation. Tums relieve distress of acid indigestion almost instantly. Keep Tums handy always.



- **AFTER DINNER**

  When you've eaten too much or too rich foods, don't worry about acid indigestion. Tums are made to relieve such distress and discomfort. Tums make you feel better in a jiffy. Keep Tums handy always.

- **AT BEDTIME**

  Don't let acid indigestion keep you tossing and pitching. Eat a couple of Tums. Tums soothe and settle jittery stomach. And the sleep that follows Tums is sound, *natural* sleep. Keep Tums handy always.

FOR THE TUMMY

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

✓ TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST—SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER

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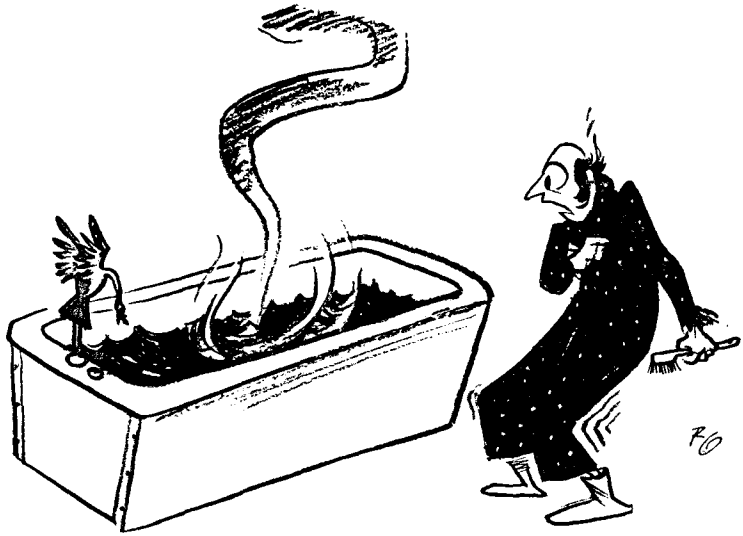

"Poet of Bran Bread and Pumpkins"

by RAY GILES

Sylvester Graham, pioneer health reformer, brought a new way of life to America

SYLVESTER GRAHAM'S only memorial today is the familiar package labeled "Graham Crackers." But in the roaring 1840s, the mere mention of his name was enough to start anything from a mild argument to a riot.

For Sylvester Graham brought a new way of life to America. To huge audiences of ardent disciples, he preached startling new departures in eating, home ventilation, sleeping, and personal cleanliness. His counsel to "find Nature's way and follow her" led Ralph Waldo Emerson to call Graham the "poet of bran bread and pumpkins."

Sylvester Graham was born, to a delighted 72-year-old father, in Suffield, Connecticut, in 1794. In youth he tried farming, teaching, clerking, and the ministry. But the study of physiology had always fascinated him, and in 1830 he began his explosive career as a health reformer.

America had taken the plunge into industrialism and men and women were flocking to the cities from farms and forests. Common sense should have warned that the three square meals of the woodsman were gross overstuffing for a sedentary indoor worker, and that daily exercise was now needed to make up for outdoor activity. But the only man to do something about this was Sylvester Graham.

In his first lectures, Graham denounced the concentrated meat-

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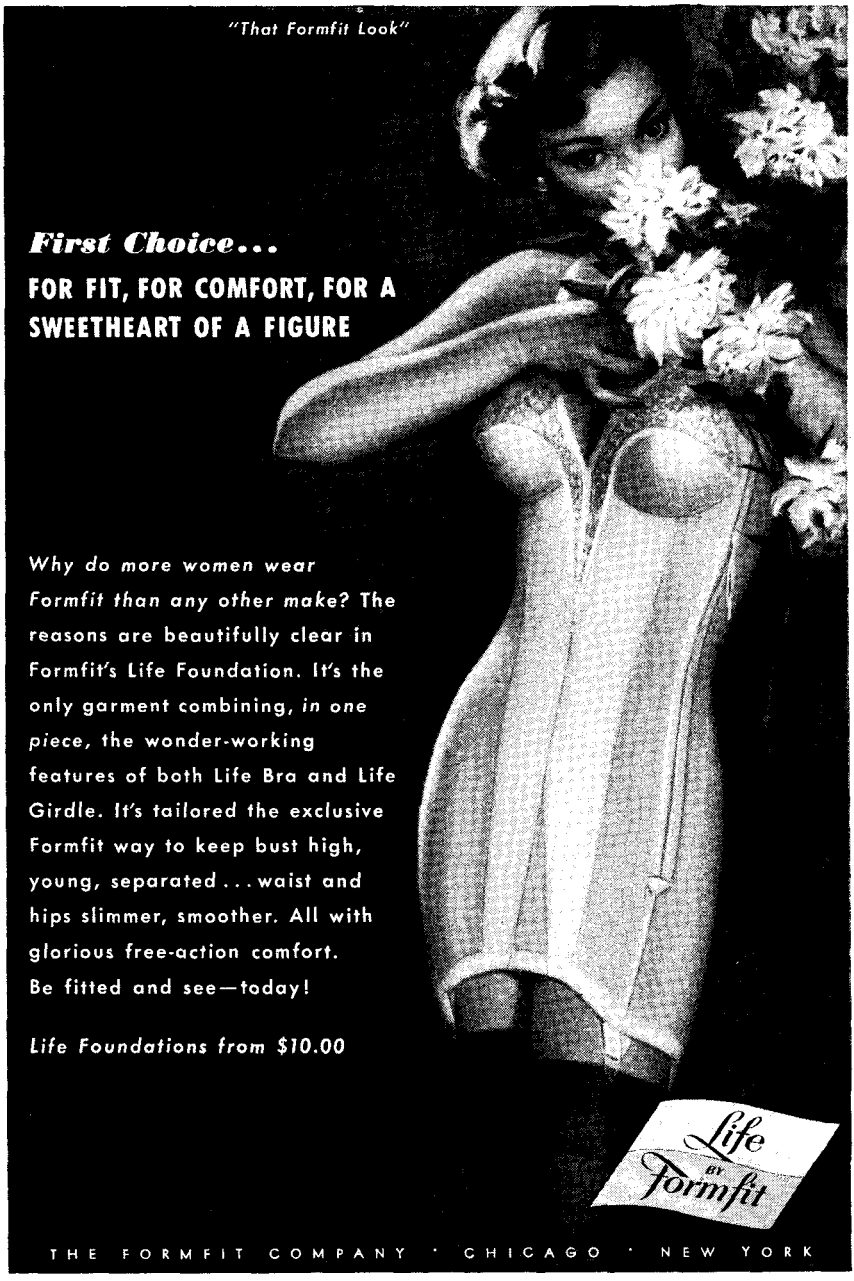
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potatoes-pie meals of the day and turned the spotlight on milk and whole-grain foods. Jokes and caustic editorials only increased his audiences; and soon earnest groups were consecrating themselves to the teachings of Graham.

Even his followers found some of Graham's rules too much for them. When he advocated bathing in cold water, thousands rebelled. Their common dread was voiced by a young Westerner who wrote: "As I have not been in the habit of bathing all winter, would not this change be dangerous?"

The reformer replied by formulating another revolutionary rule: "Brush the teeth every day." Warming up to his theme, he recommended rough towels for skin stimulation, looser and more porous clothing for conditioning of the skin, and stressed the therapeutic value of good cheer at meals.

His argument that purges and other medicines were poor substitutes for proper living was greeted with derision. So he printed testimonials from people like John Linton of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. At 40, Linton had been nearly blind and so crippled he had to bandage his legs "to prevent the skin from bursting." A flaming Graham at 61, he could work all day in the fields, and read fine print without glasses.

As a result of Graham's writings and lectures his followers went so far as to organize special classes for women where, for the first time, female anatomy was openly discussed and wives were told why husbands act as they do. And to the horror of his age, Graham advocated spacing of children for the welfare of the entire family.

When millers began separating bran and germ from their wheat flour to make it last longer, Graham recommended that women bake whole-wheat bread at home. Boston bakers promptly staged a riot, but more astute millers ground "Graham Flour" and reaped a handsome profit. When he advised sedentary workers not to eat heavy meat dishes three times a day, the butchers of Boston mobbed him—but they couldn't shut him up.

Sylvester Graham's advanced theories on hygienic living caused a great stir up until the 1870s, by which time they had been proven sound in the main. But when you realize that, today, 28 per cent of us are ten per cent or more overweight, you almost wonder if we've caught up with him yet!

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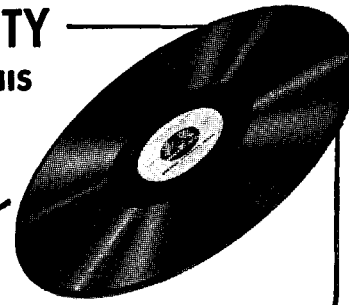

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